The Black Cat

Copyright, 1902 by The Shortstory Publishing Co.

June 1902

Hapwell's Experiment.
Ernest Kent Coulter.

Without Publicity.
Nathaniel P. Babcock.

The Cold Storage Baby.
Eva L. Ogden.

The Funeral at Paradise Bar.
$100 Prize Story.
Paul Shoup.

The Burglar Bridegroom.
Cally Ryland.

5 CENTS

Volume VII., No. 9. Whole No. 81. Copyright, 1902, by The Shortstory Publishing Co.

THE SHORTSTORY PUBLISHING CO 144 HIGH ST BOSTON MASS.

WILL SHE DARE TO CHANGE HER SHOES

EVERY WHERE IN AMERICA

THE PRICE OF SOROSIS STILL REMAINS AT $3.50 per pair

A.E. LITTLE & CO., MAKERS OF "SOROSIS" 52 BLAKE ST., LYNN, MASS.

NOW READY

Miss Petticoats

The long expected novel by the mysterious Dwight Tilton

Bound in Gray Silk. This portrait is a fac simile of the cover design which is artistically stamped in four colors.

Gilt Top.

Price $1.50

Seven full page illustrations by C. H. Stephens, printed in colors.

Printed on English hand made paper.

404 pages

This powerfully dramatic, intensely interesting novel of modern life presents in Agatha Renier—"Miss Petticoats"—a feminine figure unique in the world of fiction. A tense and brilliant narrative enforces the eternal truth that

"THERE IS NO SEX IN SIN"

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS OR C. M. CLARK PUB. CO. BOSTON

1 CENT A DAY

Less than one cent a day for **one month** will buy one SHARE of TREASURY STOCK WORTH $2.00

36 PER CENT Dividends

yearly **Guaranteed on every dollar invested, Payable Monthly. No Risk. No Loss. Money Returned** if not satisfied. For a **short time** we will sell a limited amount of Treasury Stock at **25 Cents Per Share**, payable in installments. A few dollars invested now may

Make A Fortune

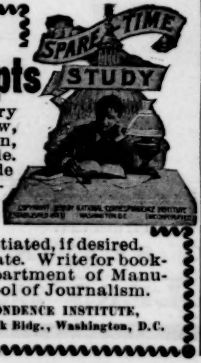
that years of hard work, self denial and saving could never accumulate. **All Shares** are **Full-Paid** and **Non-Assessable**, with **no liabilities, taxes, bonds, liens,** or **Preferred Stock** to stand between the stockholder and his fair share of the profits. If you desire the large profits which Oil and Mining enterprises yield, insuring a **regular yearly income**, with **absolute security** of money invested, combined with **permanent** and **increasing value** of the investment, favor us with a trial subscription. For information, **liberal discount, easy terms** and novel feature of payment, Address

STOCK GUARANTY & SURETY CO.
850 Market St., San Francisco. Cal.
Agents wanted in every City and Town

Learn to **Sketch, Letter, Design or Illustrate**

BY MAIL for newspapers, magazines, commercial purposes. Adapted to all. PRACTICAL teaching, successful students, reasonable terms, well-known teachers. Write for free catalogue or call.
N. Y. SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING
1512 Broadway, New York

To Sell Your Manuscripts



get expert literary service, in review, criticism, correction, and advice as to sale.

Manuscripts made available for publication, and authors advised how to dispose of them; sales negotiated, if desired. Terms very moderate. Write for booklet describing Department of Manuscripts, of the School of Journalism.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE,
26-77 Second National Bank Bldg., Washington, D.C.

DO YOU DRAW?
A SALARY

ONLY SPARE MOMENTS NEEDED
Send for Descriptive Catalogue "S."
Fully explaining our special inducement. Illustrating taught by correspondence.
"We Buy Our Students' Work."
OHIO SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING
Central Trust Bldg. Cleveland, Ohio.

Educational Notice.

A subscriber of ours, a prominent business man of Boston, writes that he will be very glad to hear from any ambitious reader of The Black Cat who desires to study Mechanical, Electrical, Steam or Textile engineering and has not the opportunity to attend school. This gentleman, whose name is withheld at his request, has at his disposal a few scholarships in a well known educational institution for home study, the only expense being the actual cost of instruction papers and postage. Write to W. L. B., Box 3737, Boston, Mass., for particulars if you are ambitious and in earnest.

Positions Secured

for Illustrators, Caricaturists, Ad-writers, Journalists, Bookkeepers, Stenographers and Proofreaders, provided they are members of our Institute. Pay us no tuition until we have secured a position for you. Write at once mentioning subject you wish to study.

Correspondence Institute of America
Box 650, Scranton, Pa.

Have You Talent for Drawing

If so, send for FREE LESSON and summer rates,

National School of Caricature
DAN McCARTHY, Director
87 World Bldg.
New York City

I WANT TO BE A NEWSPAPER ARTIST

If you have a Liking or Natural Talent for Drawing, Cut This Out and Mail it, with your address to
NEW YORK SCHOOL OF CARICATURE
Dept. N, 85 World Building, New York City

SEND US NAMES OF MAGAZINE READERS
$12 to $18 a week for this work
Men, women and young people, here is a splendid opening. Write for particulars. U. S. PUBLICATION COMPANY, Dept. 27, 125 East 23d Street, New York.

STAMMER
Our 200-page book "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering" sent Free to any address. Enclose 6 cents to pay postage.
LEWIS STAMMERING SCHOOL 60 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

Your Mss.

Will not go into the editor's waste basket if you use our

STORY WRITERS' INDEX

No other book like this published. Gives names and addresses of editors and syndicates which purchase short stories of all kinds. Complete information as to character and length of stories suited to each. Special instructions how and where to market your work. Sent prepaid for 50 cents.

INDEX PUBLISHING CO., 415-46th St., Chicago.

Story Writers

newspaper correspondents, reporters and general contributors are in demand. If you have taste or talent for this class of work why not profit by it? We offer a course of instruction that insures a lucrative income in a profession that is honorable, congenial and influential. An interesting booklet sent free on request. Tells how to start right. Address,

United Press Syndicate

618 Majestic Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

AUTHORS'

GUIDE FOR BEGINNERS contains: How to write a story. Why so many MSS. are rejected. What not to do. Construction, Poetry, Criticism. Mailed to any address, 50c.
AUTHORS' GUIDE PUBL'G CO. 156 W. 15TH ST., N. Y.

LEARN PROOFREADING.

If you possess a fair education, why not utilize it at a genteel and uncrowded profession paying $15 to $35 weekly? Situations always obtainable. We are the original instructors by mail.
HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Philadelphia

The author whose work is returned "with thanks" needs more than friendly advice. The practical thing is to get absolutely candid, expert and unbiased criticism of the story or article and advice as to its revision and sale. This is the method that enables the writer to turn temporary failure into lasting success.

Rejected manuscripts are read by experts, reviewed, criticised, corrected and, if salable, are sold on commission by the Department of MSS. of our School of Journalism. Write us for our circular showing exactly the service we are rendering, both to beginners and experienced writers, and we will gladly send you a copy, **free.**

We also read manuscripts that have not been offered to publishers and give advice as to their sale.

National Correspondence Institute
26-52 Sec. Nat'l Bank Bldg., Washington, D.C.

Authors' Agency.

ELEVENTH YEAR. Candid, suggestive **Criticism,** literary and technical **Revision,** practical **Advice. Disposal.**
REFERENCES: Hezekiah Butterworth, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Thos. Nelson Page, Mary E. Wilkins and others. Send stamp for BOOKLET to **WM. A. DRESSER,**
R 10, 52 Atherton St., Egleston Sq., Boston, Mass.
Mention The Black Cat.

To Authors and Writers

Four hundred subjects for magazine and newspaper articles. Brim full of successful short story suggestions. Price, 25 cents. Also other practical helps for literary workers. Address, **F. A. Jackson, Box 1159, Chicago, Ill.**

AUTHORS

We can use a number of Stories, Poems, Anecdotes. **Good prices. Exclusive market.** Particulars FREE!
AUTHORS PUBLISHING CO. (INC.), DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

ARE YOUR MANUSCRIPTS REJECTED?

Have editors told you WHY? Test your Talent! For a $1 M. O. I will criticise one short story, telling why it was rejected and how to improve and sell it.
EDITOR, THE WRITERS' AID ASSOCIATION, 150 D Nassau Street, New York.

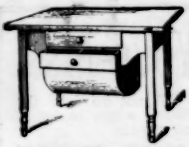
WRITING FOR PROFIT

Is the name of our free booklet. Send for it today. Tells you how to obtain a position as newspaper-reporter and special correspondent, and as magazine contributor; also how and where to sell stories. Shows you how to develop your talents, and starts you right as journalist and story-writer. Men and women eligible: learn in spare hours at home; terms easy; instruction personal and practical. Manuscripts read, criticised, corrected, and prepared for publication.

Thornton West, Editor-in-Chief. Staff of Specialists. Founded 1895.
THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION,
68 Baldwin Building. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Handsome Parlor Clock, No. 88, **free** with a $10.00 assortment.

White Enamelled brass trimmed Crib. No. 42, **free** with a $10.00 assortment.



Kitchen Cabinet, No. 51, **free** with a $10.00 assortment.

Ladies' Mackintosh, No. 58, **free** with a $10.00 assortment.

No Money Required

Any of these Articles FREE

or your choice of over 200 others, among which we might mention Sideboards, China Closets, Dining-room Extension Tables and Chairs, Parlor Suits, Silverware, etc., all of which are beautifully illustrated and described in our catalogue. **We do not ask you to send us any money.** We trust you for everything. All we ask of you is to let us send you a $10.00 assortment of our Toilet and Laundry Soaps, Perfumes, Baking Powders, Teas, Coffees, Extracts, etc., packed to your order, together with any premium you may select given for that amount, subject to our Free Approval Plan. After giving our goods and premium a thorough trial, if found as represented and to your entire satisfaction, you pay us the bill. If not—if either our goods or premium are not as represented and satisfactory, we will take the goods back at our expense and no charge will be made for what goods you have reasonably used in trial.

Desk, No. 29, **free** with a $10.00 assortment.

White Enamelled Steel Bed, brass trimmed, No. 38, **free** with a $10.00 assortment.

Antique Parlor Rocker, No. 16, **free** with a $10.00 assortment.

56-piece Tea Set, No. 97, **free** with a $10.00 assortment.

CAN WE DO MORE?

Thousands of boys and girls all over the country are earning our valuable premiums, and thrifty householders are furnishing their homes without one cent of cost to themselves. Send for our beautiful catalogue. We will send it **FREE**, postpaid, together with our order book, order-blanks, and full particulars how to order, etc. In it you will see 275 valuable and beautiful presents, with full descriptions of our goods and premiums. ***Do not miss this wonderful opportunity. Write to-day before you forget it.***

The Cohen Soap Co.

988-990 Washington St.

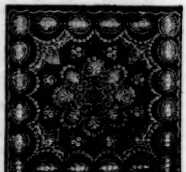
BOSTON, MASS.

No. 2, Beautiful Couch, is 26 inches wide, 6 feet long, **free** with a $10.00 assortment.

Solid Oak Morris Chair, No. 8, **free** with a $10.00 assortment.

Handsome Music Cabinet, No. 90, **free** with a $10.00 assortment.

80-piece Dinner Set, No. 96, **free** with a $10.00 assortment.



Brussellette Art Carpet, No. 49, **free** with a $10.00 assortment.

12-14-34
Wake Forest College Library
Exp o/c

The Black Cat

A Monthly Magazine of Original Short Stories.

Copyright, 1902, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

Vol. VII., No. 9.
Whole No., 81.

JUNE, 1902.

5 cents a copy.
50 cents a year.

Entered at the Post-Office at Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

THE BLACK CAT is devoted exclusively to original, unusual, fascinating stories — every number is complete in itself. It publishes no serials, translations, borrowings, or stealings. It pays nothing for the name or reputation of a writer, but the highest price on record for *Stories that are Stories*, and it pays not according to length, but according to strength. To receive attention, manuscripts must be sent unrolled, fully prepaid, and accompanied by addressed and stamped envelope for return. All MSS. are received and returned at their writers' risk.

CAUTION. — *The entire contents of* THE BLACK CAT *are protected by copyright, and publishers everywhere are cautioned against reproducing any of the stories, either wholly or in part.*

Hapwell's Experiment.*

BY ERNEST KENT COULTER.

ICK Hapwell insane — the sparkling Dick! This took my breath. The pudgy little doctor, who had trotted out to meet the station wagon as it wheeled up to the door, had, in response to anxious inquiries, informed me that this was a private madhouse and that Hapwell was one of its worst patients. He might as well have told me that my old friend was dead. A uniformed attendant had led the way through a wide hallway, at the far end of which frowned a massive iron door, and up a flight of stairs to a big and very comfortably furnished front room. Here I waited. The little doctor had gone to the wards — out somewhere behind that ominous iron door — to see what Hapwell's condition was. Perhaps they would not let me see him at all — perhaps I would find him in a strait-jacket. What a transition!

Hapwell, the last time I had seen him, was the centre of a mirthful, glass-clinking storm. That was at his farewell bachelor dinner, seven months before. The business which had called me abroad had spared me the sad service of ushering him out of his bachelordom. Sad, because I firmly believed that Dick was putting a millstone about his neck when he took a wife. The wife, as a matter of fact, did the taking. The golden-crowned Dorothy

* Copyright, 1902, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

Randolph Mix, after wearing her weeds for two years decorously and in a manner that was altogether becoming to her beauty, had suddenly conceived a passion for Hapwell and carried him off, bag and baggage. She never did anything by halves. She was an imperious, masterful woman. Dick, some had said, had not proposed at all, but had consented to transfer his monogram to the livery of the late Artemus merely to be obliging. There was no more accommodating fellow in the world.

But surely all this had nothing to do with his present affliction. His note, which had been handed to me a few hours before with the other mail that had accumulated in my absence, gave no hint of an unbalanced mind.

"Laid up at Elmdale Hospital," he wrote. "Keep this quiet and run out as soon as possible." Nothing more about himself.

My journey out Long Island had been filled with all sorts of speculations as to his probable trouble. Alocholism was out of the question in his case. There was no one of my entire acquaintance who had a more rugged physique or a more sanguine temperament than he. I had finally settled it that it was a bone badly cracked by a polo mallet — he was a daring player. Insanity never occurred to me. Poor Dick!

"A glorious day for a ride, Doctor!" A well-known voice in the hall interrupted my melancholy meditations. Another moment, and Dick Hapwell had burst into the room and was wringing my hand.

"Hello, Ransome, old man!" he cried ecstatically. "Bully glad to see you. European travel certainly agrees with you. Saw by the paper that your boat was in, but I scarcely expected you out before to-morrow. Mighty good of you!"

He tossed an automobile cap and a pair of eye shields upon a table. I swiftly searched his face for an indication of his malady. Apparently it was the same hale and hearty Hapwell of old.

"Awfully sorry to hear that you are under the weather, Dick," I said, somewhat awkwardly. No use beating around the bush.

"Under the weather! Why, you solemn old horse!" and my mad friend fell into a chair and laughed uproariously.

The rotund little doctor who had first met me, and whom Dick had evidently addressed a moment before in the hall, now entered.

He ambled across to a window and stood there studying the sky, his chubby hands clasped behind him. He was quaking like an agitated jelly ball. I looked from one to the other in astonishment. Hapwell noticed my perplexity, subsided somewhat, arose and led me across the room.

"I want you to meet Dr. Ball," he said. "Doctor, you have often heard me speak of my friend Ransome."

"Yes, yes," said Dr. Ball, struggling to restrain his merriment. "Very stupid of me not to have recognized you. You must pardon me, Mr. Ransome, he, he — " and he fell to quaking again.

What could all this mirth mean? Were both these men crazy? I had heard of one lunatic being set to watch another. The hall door opened again and a tall, bearded man of professional appearance hesitated on the threshold.

"Hello, Prince! Come in! Come in!" shouted Hapwell.

"Didn't know that you had company," said the tall man apologetically, as he joined us.

"This is Dr. Prince, Mr. Ransome." The doctor gave my hand a hearty grasp.

"We're a jolly company," exclaimed Hapwell, and I noticed that he touched a button. An attendant appeared at the door.

"See what the gentleman will have," directed Dick. "I'll confess I have a Sahara thirst."

"But, Dick," I protested, "you are not allowed to drink?"

"It's all right," said Ball. "We've discovered a spirituous cure for paranoia, Dr. Prince and myself."

"That's true," solemnly averred Prince. "It's working wonders."

Now I began to doubt Prince's sanity. The attendant took our orders.

"This thing of being insane, Buster" — that was always his favorite name for me — "is not what it is cracked up to be, even if you do have the privilege of racing around in an automobile. You see, every time I go out I've got to put on these things," and he drew out a false beard. "I'll tell you all about it later."

I saw it now, I thought. Dick had a mania on the subject of automobiles. I would avoid that subject.

Dr. Prince moved his chair up to the table on which the attendant was now placing the glasses and bottles.

"We'll have just one drink with you, Hapwell," he said, "and then we shall leave you gentlemen to yourselves."

At Dick's proposal they drank congratulations on my safe return. I thanked them and was wondering uneasily what effect whiskey would have on an insane man, when there was a loud knock at the door. Without waiting for a reply an attendant bolted in. He rushed over to Ball and whispered in his ear. The puffy little man bounced.

"Mrs. Hapwell!" he cried.

"Great Lord, my wife!" groaned Dick, springing to his feet.

"Head her off! Side-track her!" puffed Ball, executing an elephantine pirouette in his excitement.

Prince pushed the attendant towards the door.

"Detain her — any pretext — until we're ready," he said. He closed the door and hastily locked it. Then he ran to the door of a closet and threw it open. An inner gate of bars and an improvised cell were revealed.

"Hapwell, quick!" called Prince, holding the gate open.

Dick darted into the cell and pulled a loose duck suit from under the pillow of a cot. As he climbed into the ample white trousers he slammed the gate shut. Prince then made a mad dash for the table and seized a bottle of Scotch and a box of cigars. He hid the bottle under the draperies of the couch and dropped the box of cigars into the interior of an upright piano that stood near. Ball gathered up a vichy syphon in one hand and an untouched high-ball in the other, trotted over to a partly open window and dropped them out.

"Who in the devil would have expected her to-day?" moaned Dick as he buttoned the jacket of his pajama-like suit, which now covered his ordinary clothing. Catching sight of my blank face, he called through the bars:

"Sorry for the disturbance, Buster, but hang on, keep mum and I'll explain later. All ready, Doctor."

Prince stepped over to the hall door and opened it. Mrs. Hapwell stood there. There was a strange softness in her big blue eyes as she looked appealingly at Prince, all her hauteur gone.

"Oh, Doctor," she inquired anxiously, "is Dick better?"

"Come in, Mrs. Hapwell; there is some improvement."

"Do you really think so?" She advanced eagerly. "Oh, Mr. Ransome," she exclaimed on seeing me, "have you seen Dick? Does he know you?"

I looked at the physicians helplessly. Prince hastened to my assistance.

"Mr. Hapwell seemed to recognize Mr. Ransome. We had him come out in the hope of recalling some old associations."

"Don't you think he will know me then? May I not see him?" she pleaded.

The physicians looked questioningly at one another.

"Maybe it will be all right," finally said Prince.

Ball shook his head dubiously, but walked over to the cell and threw open the outer door. Dick stood with his back to the grating. As his wife approached he turned slowly and confronted her. There was a vacant, imbecile look on his face.

"Richard, Richard, don't you know me?"

It was a manikin that stood before her.

"It is I, Richard, your wife."

Dick began to make a queer throaty sound.

"Bur–r–r–r–r–r—"

Mrs. Hapwell started.

"Oh, that clock! that clock!" she cried.

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" Hapwell in his cell was imitating the whirring noise and mechanical call of a cuckoo clock. His head began to wag from side to side.

"Tick-tock, tick-tock." With hollow voice he was measuring off the beats of a pendulum.

"But, Doctor," Mrs. Hapwell said despairingly, "the same symptoms continue. Can't you make him understand? He knew Mr. Ransome; why can't you make him recognize me?"

"It's on account of the clock," whispered Ball gravely. "You see, he still associates you with that timepiece. Yesterday he was very bad. He thought that he had lost his works and until we could make him believe that they had been restored he was desperate. That accounts for the cell and the canvas suit. He had two lucid intervals this morning though, and talked to Mr. Ransome. Perhaps the crisis has passed."

He unlocked the door.

"Mr. Hapwell, your wife has come to see you."

Dick's face was wax, his eyes were glass. He was looking over Mrs. Hapwell's head. Ball took one of the patient's hands and would have led him out, but he refused to budge.

"My weights! My weights!" he broke out in terrified tones.

"Ah, I see," observed Prince. "He now believes that it is unsafe to shift his position without first removing his weights."

Ball kneeled laboriously, first lifted one of Dick's feet, twisted it slightly as if detaching it, and then did the same with the other. He gave the patient a gentle push. Dick glided out into the room. His head began to wag again with the melancholy "tick-tock."

"It is I, Richard. Don't you know your wife? Oh, Richard! Richard!" cried Mrs. Hapwell imploringly.

It seemed to me that the set look on Hapwell's face began to melt. The clock stopped. Perhaps he will recognize her now, I thought.

Ball coughed hard. Dick started, shot his right hand over his head and then began to move his extended arm in circles in front of him.

"Buz–z–z–z–z–z–" went the works. The human clock had evidently slipped a cog. Was ever seen such a strange madness?

"Stop him!" cried Ball. "His minute hand is running wild!"

Prince grabbed Dick's moving arm and held it fast. The buzzing ceased. This exhibition pained me. I felt that I had no business here and started to withdraw. Mrs. Hapwell stayed me.

"Do not go, Mr. Ransome; perhaps you can make him understand who it is."

"Dick," I said gently, "don't you know your wife?"

"Bur–r–r–r–r–r– Bu–r–r– Bur–r–r–r–r–" The human timepiece seemed on the point of flying to pieces.

Mrs. Hapwell sadly contemplated her husband. Tears trembled on her dark-fringed lashes. She loved her second husband, there could be no doubt about that. I would have wagered she did not look like that when they laid Mix away. There was a deep flush on cheek and throat as she turned on me what seemed a penitent look.

"It's my own wretched folly that has been the cause of this."

She spoke slowly and tremulously, in a voice so low that it seemed that she was talking to herself. "If — if it were only to do over again!"

"When did these symptoms first appear?" I ventured, pitying her distress. What was my astonishment when I observed Ball deliberately wink at the patient.

"Dick came home from the club," said Mrs. Hapwell, "about—"

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" violently crowed the clock.

— "About three o'clock in the morning. We quarrelled —" she faltered. "I abused him shamefully for his late hours."

"Called him 'loafer,' and 'brute'?" softly put in Ball.

"Yes," confessed Mrs. Hapwell, a still deeper color mounting her cheeks.

Ball shook his head gravely. "I have heard him use those expressions when his delusion has had another form. It struck me then that he had recalled something that had preyed on his mind."

"Yes, I told him — I told him —" said Mrs. Hapwell brokenly, "that nobody but a 'renegade' would come in at —"

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" called the clock.

— "At three o'clock," continued Mrs. Hapwell, "and he fled the house, repeating the note of that miserable clock that stood near the door where I met him. Oh, Doctor, will he ever be restored to me? Is there any hope? I — I — see now that — that —" this from behind a lace-bordered bit of cambric — "that I was intolerable!"

"Oh, no!" broke forth the clock.

"What?" demanded Prince, glaring at the patient. Ball coughed until his bald spot grew crimson.

"No-tick, no-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock." The clock had regulated itself in a hurry.

"Do you think he understood what I said?" eagerly asked Mrs. Hapwell, looking out from her handkerchief.

"Yes, I think that he had a glimmering," said Dr. Prince; "but you see he still associates you with the clock."

"If you give him back to me I'll never mention time to him again," fervently declared the now wretched woman.

Dick's imbecile look was gone. He advanced towards his wife

and I swear he would have embraced her had not Prince stepped in front of him and tramped hard on his toes.

"Mrs. Hapwell, I feel safe in promising that your husband will be returned to you very soon with his mental faculties completely restored," said Prince. "His trouble is only temporary and the crisis is past. The case, as we have diagnosed it, Mrs. Hapwell, is this: Your husband has been under some intense mental strain. This has been augmented, perhaps, by domestic differences. Overwrought as he was, the trouble of two weeks ago was too much for him. His mind gave way for the time being, but, with rest such as he is having here, he will recover quickly. After we have sent him back to you it will be well for you to allow Mr. Hapwell to enjoy harmless recreation without opposition. If, after having been burdened with business cares during the day, he chooses, occasionally, to seek innocent pleasure at night — at the club or elsewhere — do not stand in the way. Go to bed and get your good rest. Physically he is well able to stand it and mentally he requires it."

Mrs. Hapwell was drying her tears now.

"There will be but one subject on which it will be unwise to speak to him and that —"

"Is time. Oh, Doctor, if you will only give him back to me I'll never speak of it again. I'll send that miserable clock away as soon as I reach home. I won't allow even a calendar in the house!"

"We had thought of asking Mr. Ransome to stay out to-day. His presence might have a good effect if your husband should have another rational period."

"Yes, yes, Doctor, you know best." She thanked me, then turned to the physicians again. "Would it be well for me to come out every day now?"

The doctors looked at one another.

"Well, come out again, say — day after to-morrow," replied Prince.

Mrs. Hapwell was gone. Dick and I were alone.

"What is the meaning of this?" I demanded with some heat, although I well knew that I had no business to interfere between Hapwell and his wife. But Dick did not answer until he turned

from the window where he had stood watching Mrs. Hapwell's carriage as long as it was in sight.

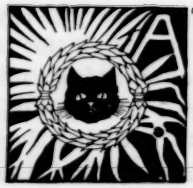
"I owe you an explanation, Buster." Dick was now deeply in earnest. "This seems a cruel hoax, but I was driven to it. It was this or — sooner or later — separation. A breach had already started between Mrs. Hapwell and myself and it was widening. The cause of the trouble was Mrs. Hapwell's inordinate jealousy of anybody or anything that took me out of her sight for a moment. Now, Buster, you know I could not cut away from my old friends altogether on account of my marriage. I was willing to compromise on two nights a week at the club, but Mrs. Hapwell would not have that. I confided my trouble to my old friend Prince. He suggested this plan. A rest of a week or two in the country would do me good anyway, he said. The prospect of automobiling and shooting with him would have been very pleasant at any time, but when, besides this, he held out the hope of effectually curing my wife, his plan was altogether irresistible. Following his advice I seized the trouble which followed my return home after my last night at the club as a pretext. I apparently became suddenly insane. I imagined myself the cuckoo clock which was ever betraying the hour of my homecomings. Prince, whose opinion as an alienist none would dispute, managed to get me out here without any fuss and I must say I have been having a mighty good time. What I want you to do, Buster, is to head off any talk about my disappearance. Say I am in Chicago."

. . . . . .

It is some months now since the Hapwells' return from that Mediterranean cruise which they enjoyed on a chartered yacht. Dick is again very conspicuous at his clubs. Not in an afternoon's drive nor in a week of afternoons on the Avenue will you find a handsomer or apparently happier pair than the Hapwells. Neither wears a watch.

Without Publicity.*

BY NATHANIEL P. BABCOCK.



T opposite sides of small ink-stained tables, in a room hot and brilliant with electric lights, and odorous from tobacco, a dozen shirt-sleeved men sat in pairs reading; some aloud, some silently. A boy in grimy overalls stood at a counter wrapping fragments of much scissored manuscripts in dampened strips of paper, white on one side and print-covered on the other. Valueless they seemed, these soggy little bundles of scraps which, drubbing once or twice with his pudgy fist to prevent unrolling, he tossed into a pile on his left. But very precious he knew them to be, through the direness of the fate in store for a boy who lost the tiniest of them.

In the distribution of these bundles partiality had no part; hence it chanced that the topmost went in due course to a table in the corner of the room at which were seated two men, known to the master of this busy workshop only as "subs.," who, having the necessary certificates of membership, had been allowed to take the places, temporarily, of two regular proofreaders on the *Daily Boaster*. They were young men, and that their acquaintance antedated the accident of their present business association was shown by the fact that they addressed one another as "Sam" and "Perk," and, in such scant moments of inactivity as befell them, criticised adversely their neighbors, the foremen, the ventilation and all their surroundings, animate and inanimate.

Just now they were busy reading and correcting the proofs of several galleys of what are known as "Want" or small advertisements. Sam, in a low, monotonous voice, read from the original manuscripts of the advertisers, and Perk, with pen closely following the lines of the printed reproductions, injected missing commas, put curious "s" shaped marks between letters to show that they

* Copyright, 1902, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

should be transposed, wrote on the margin of the proof sheet words in the original that had been omitted in the print, and in other ways, with dots and dashes, and curves and half spirals established a complete likeness between the "copy" and the proof.

Suddenly in the midst of this occupation one said:

"That's queer, isn't it?"

"'Tis, for a fact," replied the other.

"I see a hundred dollars in it." The speaker was Perk.

"Which way?"

"Why, get the dog from what's his name" (consulting the proof before him) "'A. Sutcliff' and take it to" (again consulting the proof) "'D. A. V.' Easy as rolling off a roof."

"Have to get up mighty early in the morning," the other replied. "I should say there would be a regiment of dog catchers looking to win that hundred."

"Sho, they may not see it; not every gazaboo reads Losts and Founds before breakfast."

"There you fool yourself, Perkins. The park benches are burdened with them and it only needs one enterprising discoverer of this Klondike to secure the whole mine. In fact, the appearance of two at the same moment would dish both."

There was silence for a moment. Each was thinking deeply. Then Sam spoke.

"Let's kill both ads."

"Whew!" whistled the other, "that's a stroke. It means a fire for both of us to-morrow."

"No, it doesn't. Who's going to know they were left out?"

"Business office."

"Perk, you're slow; you're looking for a complaint from the advertisers on failing to see their ads., but if we give them what they advertise for there won't be any complaint — see?"

It accordingly happened that when several columns of proof left the table of these ingenious young men and were returned to the composing room in order that the corrections indicated might be made in the type, there were two agate items on one of the proof sheets through which extended perpendicularly bold pen strokes that took from them their virility and robbed them of

all hope of resurrection in the morning. These items read as follows:

> **LOST.**—A black and white spotted dog, wearing a red collar. It answers to the name of Oliver and knows a number of tricks. Will play dead when told to die. $100 reward paid for return of the dog to D. A. V., No. 369 Livingston Ave.
>
> **FOUND.**—Dog, wearing red collar: hybrid, but intelligent. Owner can have same by applying to A. Sutcliff, No. 561 Livingston Ave.

To the uninitiated, a newspaper proof, like a cat, might appear to have nine lives. It is ordered "Killed"; his eyes behold its death—perchance a pen or blue pencil in his own determined hand is the executioner—yet it reappears to confront him in various parts of the newspaper establishment. However impossible it may be to explain the persistent return of defunct cats, the explanation of a proof's survival is simplicity itself. It is a duplicated entity, appearing as doublets, triplets, quadruplets, and even octets. When a managing editor in his sanctum, or the lesser editor in his shirt sleeves, kills a proof by dashing a line through it and entrusts it to "the boy" with instructions to "take it downstairs," he has simply issued an order for the type from which the proof has been taken to be distributed, so that its reproduction in print may give no further offence; he has "killed" the type, not the proof, several duplicates of which are still in existence.

It was one of these duplicates of a short galley proof of small ads. that lay on the desk of the night city editor of the *Daily Boaster* (having "come upstairs" mingled with a bunch of proof sheets of the current news), when that gentleman gave the peculiar little snort which invariably announced his discovery of something worth looking up.

"I say, Holly," he exclaimed to a man who was seated directly behind him, with back to his, and who was vigorously blue pencilling a scrawly manuscript, "this ought to make a story; honest finder, generous rewarder, both discovering each other at the same time. Better assign somebody to visit the addresses early and learn the result."

Neither man turned around, but two hands, extending backwards over two shoulders, met in mid-air, and the proof was transferred from the night city editor to his competent assistant, who, after twice reading it got up, and leaning over the desk of his superior said, with rather more enthusiasm than he usually dis-

played, "This looks to me like a peach. 561 Livingston Avenue is the Blossom Club, and isn't Sutcliff that Virginia chap who was one of the judges at the Bench show, and who was mixed up in the suit for old Staggs's millions? Nephew of the Livingstons, or something like that — great swell, don't you remember?"

"You're right, Holly," replied the other, and then, catching the eye of a bright little woman who was seated at a neighboring desk, sucking the end of a lead pencil as though determined to draw from it the impediment that clogged her usually rapid flow of thought, he called softly, "Miss Lewis, please."

She quickly approached, and with her head between those of the two men, her fluffy brown hair almost brushing their temples, read aloud after the manner of women when taken into the confidence of men, the two advertisements.

"D. A. V.!" she said suddenly; "why that's Daisy Van Twyne, and 369 Livingston Avenue — of course, of course, that's the Van Twyne mansion, the Acton Van Twynes, you know. A. Sutcliff, 561 Livingston Avenue" (she added, reading the other address); "that's Arthur Sutcliff, cousin of Perry Parsons — howling swell; well, I should think so! It was said just before Lent that he was engaged to Miss Daisy Van — oh!" (suddenly gasping) "this is simply delicious. Just think of it, Mr. Holly," (turning to the assistant editor, who was regarding her in a fatherly manner, though toying unnecessarily with the end of a ribbon that was made fast somewhere among her headgear) "she, the belle of the season, has lost a dog and he has found it, and neither know. They say — Mr. Holly, you'll have my hair down in a minute — that there was an estrangement, but there's never been any formal announcement either of the engagement or of its being off."

"Well, it's a ripping — excuse me, Miss Lewis — a very good story as it stands," said the senior editor. "I suppose we have stock cuts of both. Take these notices and work it up in the morning. The other papers will catch on, of course. But we've got the start and you might gently intimate to the young man and the young woman, after you have learned all there is to learn, that by dodging the other reporters considerable publicity will be avoided."

Scissoring the two little advertisements from the rest of the items on the proof slip he handed them to Miss Lewis, who, promising to get a good story, and ignoring the flippant suggestion of Mr. Holly that it was "bound to be a daisy," returned to her desk. Upon a page of a dainty note-book she pasted the proof of the two advertisements, and presently, having finished her list of "among others present were" at the function she had been describing, betook herself from the office of the *Daily Boaster*, which was now entering upon the busiest period of its nightly existence, marked by the hour "when churchyards yawn," as newspaper men doubtless would, could they find the time.

. . . . . .

"A little more sugar, Thomas. So the dog is gone?"

"Yes, sir, two hours ago. A nice spoken young man called and asked for you, sir, but as he was able to identify the dog beyond any doubt, I didn't think it was necessary to wake you, sir. He called the dog, I think it was 'Olives,' and the beast at his word lay dead, sir, with his forelegs sticking straight up in the air; it was comical to look at, sir."

The strongly lined features of Arthur Sutcliff relaxed into an amiable smile, as he said, "I suppose you were sorry to part with the animal?"

"Well, indeed, sir, I can't say that I was," replied the waiter, who was deftly busying himself over coffee-pot and toast; "it must have been the pet of some fond person, sir, for though I gave it a bed in the room, as you told me, it whined like a child most of the night, keeping me from sleeping, sir. Did you say, sir, you found it in the park?"

"It was not a case of my finding the dog, rather a case of the dog finding me, Thomas; he followed me down the avenue, and as I turned into the club sat up on the sidewalk and cocked his head as though saying, 'Is it quite square to leave a friend in the cold?' and his dog-sense won the argument."

About this hour, in a saloon not many blocks distant, two sleepy young men drained the rosy contents of long-stemmed glasses, picked a couple of cloves from a glass dish, and then, as their eyes met, laughed nervously.

"I have a sort of grand larceny feeling, Perk," said one.

"But wasn't it dead easy?" asked the other. "And the bills all in crispy fives. Have another. Curious that she didn't make more fuss over the dog, wasn't it? Hanged if the cur seemed to know her at all."

"But that was only the maid, Sam. I suppose the mistress was still in bed. Probably she is hugging the brute in her boudoir this moment. Here's to both of them."

Again the glasses were drained, after which two proofreading "subs." staggered off unsteadily in the direction of their lodgings.

A steeple clock was striking ten when Buttons swung open the door of No. 369 Livingston Avenue and received upon a silver tray a card reading:

MISS EDITH PUTNAM LEWIS

Society Editor THE DAILY BOASTER

"I know it's shockingly early," she said, cheerily, to a tall girl who presently swept into the small reception room, "but you were so good to me, Miss Van Twyne, about those names for the Century tableaux that I have felt almost as if I could claim you as a friend — in a professional way, you know," she added, quickly.

"Pray don't apologize," said the other girl, a little stiffly. "If it's anything I ought to tell you, of course I will, but there are matters that — "

"Oh, this is strictly legitimate," interrupted the newspaper woman; "it deeply concerns that extensive portion of the public that is interested in the fate of lost pets. I see by the morning paper that you have lost one yourself — a dog."

Miss Daisy Van Twyne laughed, showing a set of white teeth and two fascinating little indentations near the corners of her mouth that had caused her to be known among her very particular friends as "Daisy Dimple."

"I — I didn't exactly lose him," she said, "and moreover he isn't lost; that is, he was lost, but the lost has been found. I hope" (suddenly) "he hasn't been lost again and rediscovered. I really cannot afford another reward. In fact, a hundred dollars

seemed a good deal to pay for him once, after I had had a good look at him, but then the child so doted on the creature. I will tell you all about it: The dog belongs to a little daughter of a woman who darns for me — oh, yes, I *do* darn — a dear child who has been a cripple since her babyhood. In some manner the dog became lost. It was a case of get it back or let the child grieve herself ill. I felt a little, as the men say 'flush' yesterday, so I advertised for the dog, and a most wonderful paper, I assure you, is the one you represent, for it was scarcely dawn when the finder of the dog came ringing at the bell. My maid paid the money and I at once sent the dog to its pining little mistress. I really feel like a fire hero or something, but I beg you won't print the story, or certainly not with my name."

Being a clever newspaper woman, Miss Lewis avoided a direct reply by saying, "I suppose you know who found the dog?"

"Indeed, I do not; neither do I care; that, as our dear old professor used to say, 'is a mere detail.'"

"Then you haven't seen the paper containing your ad.?"

"No; why?"

Miss Lewis drew from her muff the note-book in which she had pasted the proof of the two advertisements.

"It's such a curious coincidence that the dog should be advertised both as lost and found in the same column," she said, handing the book to Miss Van Twyne.

A bright east light came in through the windows of the room in which they were sitting, making the deep rush of color that a moment later flooded the face of the heiress doubly conspicuous. For at least a minute the girl sat staring silently, intently, at the page. Then, without a word, she returned the book.

"I believe you know Mr. Sutcliff?" said her visitor, presently.

"I have met him," was the reply, "but" (rising) "you really must excuse me. I am glad to be of service to you at any time, but I hope you will not print this story."

As the door closed upon the newspaper woman all signs of lassitude left Miss Daisy Van Twyne. Up the stairs she sprang, two at a time, and bursting into her own room, a spacious, sunny apartment furnished in blue, seized the telephone from its silver holder and began to ring furiously.

"Is this Margaret? Yes, yes, Daisy. Can you possibly manage to run around here? I *must* see you. No, it's more important than that. Half an hour? Well, hurry, I'm on ice till you come."

In a few minutes two highly excited young women were looking into each other's faces in Miss Van Twyne's pretty boudoir.

"It's all very well, Margaret Templeton, for you to defend him, but will you have the goodness to explain how it can be construed into anything but a cold, cruel, deadly insult? Didn't know that I had offered the reward? Then how did he know where to send the animal? I tell you I signed my full initials, 'D. A. V.,' and the number of this house. Moreover, Simpson tells me that the young man who brought the dog came down the Avenue from the direction of the Blossom Club. Oh, if I only had a brother! The maddening part of it, Mag, is that the last time I saw him, the night of our quarrel, you know, he had the impertinence to comment upon what he was pleased to call 'the extravagance of the girls in our set,' our 'irresponsibility,' I think he put it. Of course that was before the real row began, but it led up to it in a measure. I can see it all now. He'll have the money framed and show it in strict confidence to his intimate friends as the price Daisy Van Twyne paid for a mongrel dog."

"My dear girl," interrupted the other, "Mr. Sutcliff is not a cad."

"I don't know what he is," she replied, beginning to show symptoms of a quivering lip, "and," bravely, "I don't care, but if he were here this moment —"

A knock at the door preceded the entrance of a maid, who handed a card to Miss Van Twyne. The girl gasped, clutched frantically at her hair, and then read aloud, in what was really, though unconsciously, a tragic tone: "Arthur Sutcliff."

Her friend grasped her wrists and said, "You will see him Daisy?"

The maid stood embarrassed in the centre of the room.

"Yes, I will see him," in the determined voice of a woman who prefers death to neglect of duty. "Mary, tell Simpson to announce that I will be down directly."

"You dear thing," said Miss Templeton, when the maid had withdrawn, and she threw both arms around her friend's neck.

"Don't, don't crumple me, Mag; don't make me teary. I must

be a fright as I am. You stay here and, as Harry says, just 'root' for me to vindicate our sex."

Neither girl could help smiling at this, and it was with a vestige of that lovely expression still lingering around the dimpled spots in her flushed cheeks that she entered the drawing-room.

Arthur Sutcliff arose. His face wore an expression that was hard to analyze. Misery and mirth seemed struggling there. He held out his hand, but it was overlooked, rather than declined, and both sat down. He spoke first:

"I came to see about that lost dog."

"Do you want to buy him back?" said the girl, icily.

"Never having been mine, I do not see how it is possible," he replied.

"Perhaps you'd like him as a — a — souvenir?" She was feeling at ease now.

"A souvenir of what?" He was clearly growing less at ease.

"Why, of to-day of course; of this morning; of the occasion upon which you exhibited so much cleverness — men like to keep such dates in memory, do they not?"

"I will not pretend to misunderstand you, Miss Van Twyne," he said. "Humiliating as it is to my self-respect — "

"Oh, pray leave the question of self-respect out of the matter," she interrupted glibly, conscious of the fact that she was now mistress of the situation. "It appears to me entirely a matter of *dis*respect."

"And do you dare — "

"Dare! Mr. Sutcliff," she repeated superbly.

"Yes, dare!" He leaned forward in his chair so that she had to draw back or remain dangerously near his lips. "Dare accuse me of wilfully treating *you* with disrespect." He laughed nervously. "Miss Van Twyne — Daisy — "

She sprang from her chair. "Be kind enough to explain the purpose of your visit, Mr. Sutcliff."

There are certain tones in a woman's voice that act like ice water. He was no longer faint.

"The purpose is very easily explained. It is to return to you this money." As he spoke he extended a one hundred dollar bill.

"It is not mine, Mr. Sutcliff."

"I beg your pardon," he replied, "it is the money you paid for the dog I had the honor to find."

"I do not want it." The girl began to feel firm ground slipping from under her.

"You don't suppose *I* want it?" said the man.

"Then, then," (weakly) "why did you allow your man to take it in the first place?"

He smiled. His ground grew firmer as hers slid away. "I might say," he replied, "that I allowed him to take it in order to have this excuse for visiting you, but that would not be true. As a matter of fact, I knew nothing of the circumstance."

"But you returned the dog?"

"Excuse me, I did not. Until fifteen minutes ago, when a young woman from *The Boaster* called and showed me a copy of your advertisement, I had not the remotest idea to whom the valuable animal belonged. The young woman did me the further honor of saying that she had seen you and that you knew the fact that it was my agent who had collected your reward. That was a situation which seemed to demand an explanation from me. Hence I came, Miss Van Twyne."

He still held the one hundred dollar bill in his hand and the girl was looking at it in a fascinated way. "That is not the money I gave," she said, "it was all in five dollar bills. Where did you get that?"

For the first time in the interview he hesitated. "I — I," he stammered.

"You are deceiving me," she said. "What does it mean? I don't understand it. Where is the money I paid? Why do you bring me this bill?"

The comic side of the situation now appealed to him, despite his realization of the fact that it was a critical moment in their lives. He laughed as he replied:

"Well, to tell the truth, Miss Van Twyne, I would like very much to know what has become of your money. It looks as though a deep, dark conspiracy, as the papers say, was centring around" (he looked her full in the eyes) "us two."

She blushed. "Then it was not your man who brought me the dog, and yet you come to return the reward?"

"Well," he said, "I couldn't bear to have you rest in the belief that I had collected it under — under such circumstances."

"And you proposed to force upon me money of your own to which I have no earthly claim."

"I did not expect you to know," said he, meekly. "I saw no other way out of the dilemma, and" (defiantly) "I deny that I possess *anything* to which you have no earthly claim."

He took her hand. She did not resist. Remarks which, having no essential bearing on this narrative, are omitted were exchanged between them, and then Miss Van Twyne said:

"We will preserve the advertisements, will we not, Arthur — the lost and the found. I shall have mine framed."

"And I will wear the precious slip in my watch case," said he. "I haven't yet seen the paper, but I will get a copy at once."

"We take it," said she, and leaving the room for a moment returned with the morning *Boaster*. From his pocket he drew a penknife and together they turned the leaves of the newspaper in search of the Lost and Found column.

"Oh, here it is," she exclaimed, her little forefinger running down the list of advertisements. "Lost, lost, lost, lost, found —" she stopped. "Why, it isn't here," she said wonderingly. Then hurriedly examining the date to make sure that it was the current issue, they looked at each other in amazement.

"I think," said he at last, "they print several editions. It must have been in some other edition than this."

"I'll send to the newsdealer's and get them all," said she.

A little later they sat with a pile of much-crumpled *Boasters* on the floor before them, in no one of which they had been able to find the advertisements they searched for.

"But Miss What's-her-name, of the *Boaster*, showed it to me, in print," said Miss Van Twyne, her brow wrinkled with perplexity.

"She also showed it to me," said the man.

"And she'll write a horrid sensational article about it!"

"Daisy," said Mr. Sutcliff, "if this is all a dream, promise me that you won't forget it when you awaken. I am going now to find Tom Archer. He had a journalistic experience at one time and may be able to explain how things can be in type and not in type at the same moment. I confess it is beyond me."

In the billiard-room of the Blossom Club Tom Archer resisted the fascination of pool long enough to be made aware, in strictest confidence, of all that had that morning befallen his friend.

"It's simple," said he presently; "they suppressed the two advertisements in order to get what they call a 'scoop' or 'beat' on the other papers. Of course they recognized the addresses and saw there was a good story behind. If they had printed the advertisements all the other newspapers would have 'been on,' so they simply left them out."

"But the newspaper woman showed me the items in print," said Mr. Sutcliff.

"Only a proof of them," replied Mr. Archer.

"Then a long article associating Miss Van Twyne's name with mine will appear to-morrow, I suppose."

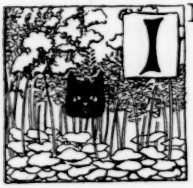
"Beyond a doubt," replied Mr. Archer. "Hold on," he added suddenly. "You paid for that advertisement to be inserted, didn't you, and so did Miss Van Twyne, and you both hold receipts? Having accepted your money, *The Boaster* bound itself to print the advertisements or to return them to you intact. You have a damage suit against the paper, if they make any other use of those advertisements. Allow me to act as your agent in this affair, Sutcliff."

The two men sought the telephone booth and the connection between the Blossom Club and the office of the *Daily Boaster* was promptly made. A complete and entirely justified disclaimer by the editors of having wilfully withheld the advertisements followed, of course, but in no wise affected the attitude of those at the Blossom Club end of the telephone.

It therefore happened that sundown found two proofreading "subs." looking for another occupation, while between No. 369 and No. 561 Livingston Avenue a complete restoration of harmonious relations had been established — without publicity.

The Cold Storage Baby.*

BY EVA L. OGDEN.



IN the summer of 1892, the heir of the property of which I was in charge came down from Canada to talk over matters with me and receive some of the articles in my custody. We made an inventory of these, and some he packed in his satchel along with his law books, to carry back with him. Some, however, he decided to leave with me until certain questions relative to their disposal should be settled. Among these articles was a small but valuable diamond in a green velvet case. He informed me that there was some dispute about the title to this jewel, and that he preferred leaving it in my charge until he had completed some negotiations by which he might become its possessor. We examined it carefully, then replaced it in the green velvet case, and I myself locked it up in the heavily iron-bound oaken box, about eighteen inches long and six inches high, which answered for the Conyngham family jewel-box.

Five months thereafter, Mr. Conyngham wrote saying that the negotiations were completed and asking me to send him the diamond. I went to the safe, took out the casket, and opened it. The diamond was gone!

I could not believe my eyes. I examined every nook and corner of the casket. I had carried the key on my own person since the moment I had locked the box in the presence of Mr. Conyngham, and yet there was no sign of the jewel. I took out every article in the box. There were various heirlooms — a necklace of pearls and diamonds, an exquisite miniature of the time of the First Empire, ear-rings and brooches of finely wrought gold, knee-buckles set with brilliants — such things as accumulate in any old family of wealth and position. I took out my copy of the inventory and carefully compared it with the contents of the

* Copyright, 1902, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

box. Everything was there except the diamond. I locked up the box once more and sat down to do a little hard thinking, and then I wrote as follows:

MR. S. G. CONYNGHAM,

Dear Sir: — As you and I closed the jewel casket together it seems to me advisable that we should open it together. I therefore await your coming, which I trust will be soon.

Your obedient servant,

ELLIOTT STRONG.

"There," said I to myself, "that'll fix him. "If he doesn't come, but sends word he can't for any reason under heaven, I'll know he is guilty. If he plays a bluff and comes I'll watch him open the box, and if he doesn't betray himself to me then I'm a cabbage-head, that's all."

Two days after came a telegram from Conyngham announcing day and hour when he would be on hand. Promptly at the appointed time he appeared. He came directly to the house, greeted me with his usual cordiality, the cordiality of a son of the house toward a man more than twice his age, and the trusted friend and adviser of his family for thirty years, and went with me immediately into my office. I opened the safe, took out the box and handed it to him. He fitted the key to the lock, turned it, lifted the lid and looked up at me with such surprise, dismay and horror written on his face that I sprang forward involuntarily, exclaiming, "Good Heavens, Conyngham! What is it?"

He pointed down into the box. I gazed and gasped. There, enclosed in an inner box of glass, lay a tiny, beautifully shaped living baby. There seemed to be some sort of breathing apparatus connected with it, for I could see bubbles of air passing continually into the inner box. On one side of the glass lay a piece of yellow parchment. On it were these words in a queer, but legible hand:

OCTOBER 17, 1863.

To him who may open this box: I am a benefactor of the human race. I have solved a great and momentous problem. After years of trial and experiment I have perfected my devices and learned how to preserve the young of the human species in cold storage until they are wanted, when they can be taken from their receptacles and given to an anxiously waiting world. Henceforth no family need suffer, as now, from an alternate superabundance and scarcity of children. No family, unless utterly and irreclaimably bad, need entirely die out.

When children are plenty, and, as usual at such times, of better quality both physically and mentally, let a few be carefully put up for future family use, to draw upon when the supply is both scant and poor. The advantages of my invention are patent to the meanest understanding.

It would be well to put this child immediately into an incubator and summon an experienced physician to oversee the process of restoration to a normal state. If it live — but I will not write an if. It will live, and live to demonstrate to an idiotic world the greatness of

TERAH FAIRWEATHER.

I read this document aloud, in bewildered amazement. Conyngham was striding up and down the room, fairly blazing.

"Poor little beggar!" he cried. "Made the subject of a beastly experiment by some bloody saw-bones! Strong, how long do you suppose he's been in there?"

"Lord! how do I know?" I groaned. "This paper'd make it twenty-seven years, and it says, put him in an incubator immediately. Have you got such a thing as an incubator handy? If we don't put him in, and he dies, some fool policeman will arrest us as accessories after the fact and there will be five experts to swear that that parchment is in your handwriting and four that it's in mine. It stands us in hand to move lively."

"Incubator?" groaned Conyngham. "What do I know about incubators and where to find them in this beastly town? Gad! I'd look pretty trotting after an incubator at ten o'clock at night with the story that I had just found a baby in my jewel-box! Any self-respecting policeman would say, "Them as hides can find." And by the way, how did he get there? I'll take my oath he wasn't there the last time I saw the inside of that box!"

"If I wasn't an old lawyer and didn't know better than to swear to anything, I'd say the same thing," I answered. "But I tell you we've got to move lively. I know how bad I could make this look for any one else in our position. Call a cab, will you? I'll shut this thing up."

"Don't!" cried Conyngham in alarm. "You'll suffocate the little chap."

"Conyngham," I answered, "that parchment, if the date is correct, declares that he has been in here twenty-seven years. Half an hour more won't hurt him," and I locked the box.

Five minutes afterward we were driving furiously toward the nearest hospital. We asked about incubators and were directed to a place where, we were informed, there were several in operation under the supervision of experts. It took ten minutes more to reach the place.

Conyngham, younger than I, sprang out first and rushed in. He came back in a few moments, eager and excited.

"Hurry up, Strong!" he cried. "They have half a dozen running here and I've picked out a good one," and without waiting for an answer he ran up the steps again.

As I jumped from the cab, box in hand, my foot caught in some way and I fell forward, striking heavily against a passing pedestrian, while the box flew out of my hand. The man caught me, saving me from the pavement, and picking up the box, restored it to me.

"Lord!" I cried, "I hope I haven't killed it!" and involuntarily I raised it to my ear and shook it gently with a faint hope that I should hear a cry.

"What is it?" asked the stranger, curiously.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" I answered. "Thank you much, sir, for your kindness," and I went up the steps of the hospital, gingerly.

Dr. Aler came forward to meet me.

"I understand you have a child which you wish put into an incubator," he said.

"Yes," I answered; "but it isn't exactly our baby. We found it, as I suppose Mr. Conyngham has told you."

"Come into my private room, gentlemen," remarked Dr. Aler, looking curiously at the box, "and let me see the child."

We followed him into his private room. We laid the box on the table and all three bent eagerly over it as Conyngham unlocked it, and, as he raised the lid, before our eyes lay a pearl and diamond necklace, a miniature of the time of the First Empire, ear-rings and brooches of finely wrought gold, knee buckles set with brilliants, a handsome diamond, lying in an open green velvet case — and that was all.

Conyngham and I straightened ourselves with a cry; Dr. Aler looked at us both with judicial haughtiness.

"Do I understand, gentlemen," he said, "that you *found* this box?"

"N-no, not exactly," said Conyngham. "The box is mine."

"Ah, the box is yours! And the jewels?"

"The jewels are mine, too!"

"Ah! and what did you find?"

"We found the baby."

"Where did you find that?"

"In the box."

"In that box, along with the jewels?"

"Oh, no, instead of the jewels. It was in cold storage, don't you know? To be kept till it should be wanted, you know."

Conyngham was committed for examination as to his sanity. I was committed, as I knew I would be, for conspiracy. It took a week to straighten out matters, and there are two men that I will get even with, if I live long enough.

When it was all over, and Conyngham and I had got into my den and locked the door behind us:

"Strong," said he, "I swear I saw a baby in that box."

"Conyngham," I answered, "if I were not a lawyer, and did not know better than to swear to anything, so would I. What's that paper on the floor by your foot?"

He picked it up. It was the letter of Terah Fairweather.

The Funeral at Paradise Bar.*

BY PAUL SHOUP.

ABOUT four o'clock in the morning, Uncle Hank Witherspoon would climb up on the box while the sun was tossing a few experimental shafts of light across the cañon, and, watching with pride and satisfaction the leaders dancing little dust clouds out of the stage road, would remark to bystanders who turned up their coat collars and talked politics to keep warm:

"Some men are born hostlers; you sees it by the way they lifts a hoss's foot; some *sabes* how to ride, and most gin'r'lly they overruns their boots 'n their spurs is bright; and then there be others that are fine at hoofin' it and lambastin' a pack train with a rawhide an' one hundred choice selections from two langidges; but as for me, my special speci-ality is just plain drivin' of a stage; a stage with four hosses; just that and nothin' more."

With that, Uncle Hank would loosen his whip, the leaders would rear like chargers on a monument, the wheel horses would gather their feet under them — and down the road, pitching, swaying, leaving behind them a wall of dust, would go the famous Mokelumne stage, while half the population of Paradise Bar — they were early risers in the camp — would stand with hands in pockets, staring after in silent admiration.

Uncle Hank was wiry and grizzled and storm-beaten; his pointed beard stood out at a strong angle to his determined nose; his eyes were of a mild and pleasant blue, but the fire in them awaited only the flint. His laugh was merry, but he had a voice that would make the most obstreperous horse remember that he was but as the dust of the earth before this master.

Uncle Hank was at the helm of the transportation system of

* Copyright, 1902, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

* The writer of this story received a cash prize of $100 in THE BLACK CAT story contest ending March 31, 1900.

Paradise Bar; he and his stage the connecting link between camp and civilization, the latter represented by the county seat, Meadow Lark. Uncle Hank, recognizing his importance in both communities, and especially in Paradise Bar, was as gracious as an only hope — he was never forlorn — to which a community clung would naturally be expected to be. He was an absolute dictator, it was true; he even decided the locations of the passengers on the stage, and settled disputes as to outside and inside. But he was autocratic wisely, and there was really no reason why he should have been called upon to divide his sovereignty.

Yet, one sad day the Aladdin Bonanza Company built a lumber road down from Paradise Bar to Lone Pine. At Lone Pine the new road connected with the line of the Gray Eagle Stage Company, which, as Uncle Hank put it, flopped its way up from Meadow Lark. So, when the Gray Eagle extended its tri-weekly service from Lone Pine to Paradise Bar, trouble outcropped on Uncle Hank's trail at once.

George William Pike, of the Upper Basin, was the driver to whom Uncle Hank referred as the drygoods clerk who handled the ribbons for the opposition corporation. George William surmised here and there and elsewhere, when he cornered an audience, that the new route was two miles the shorter, and the grade, calculating ups and downs, at least five per cent. better. The report reached Uncle Hank by air line, of course. He was silent a little while, and then with elaborate courtesy thanked his informant, adding that he was greatly obliged, not for the news itself, but because he had for a long time been trying to recollect the name of the chap who left Placerville after trying circumstances without advising his bondsmen. It was indeed strange that a man caught stealing garments from a poor washerwoman's clothes line should be directing horses; remarkably odd, when it was evident that he was cut out for a Chinaman and not a stage driver. So saying, Uncle Hank awoke an echo unusually far off, making it jump startled from the hillside at the crack of his whip, and drove on.

There was some difference of opinion in Paradise Bar concerning the merits of the two lines; so long as they ran on different days and at different hours, the question could not be satisfactorily

settled, and the Bright Light kept open an hour later in the evening to permit a full discussion of the subject — thereby saving shutting up at all.

The real trouble began when the Gray Eagle line, perceiving that Uncle Hank continued to carry the larger part of the business, borrowed his schedule and started to operate upon it with their new yellow coach with vermilion trimmings and four white horses, to say nothing of George William Pike with his curled mustache, red necktie and stand-up collar. He would have worn a silk hat too — the owners of the line were aristocrats, with ideas and winter residences in Lunnon — but Morosin' Jones who squirmed his shoulders and clasped his hands like an awkward maid of fifteen when he talked, begged him to desist, he, Morosin', had such an unconquerable inclination to perforate high hats with his forty-four wherever they might be. George William wisely desisted.

Uncle Hank's stage had nothing but a faint recollection of paint, and was written over with history recorded by bullet holes; the harness was apt to be patched, and Nebuchadnezzar, the off leader, was wall-eyed, and his partner, Moloch, sway-backed and short-maned. Of the wheel horses, one was a gray with hoofs that needed constant paring; the other had the appearance of a white-washed house at which mud had been flung with startling effect. Of the two, Rome and Athens, no god could have decided which was entitled to the palm of ugliness; but Uncle Hank, who loved them all with the love a man may have for a homely dog, declared that the wheel-horses were beauty spots in nature alongside the leaders.

It was a memorable morning on which the two stages left Paradise Bar together. The yellow stage, with its nickel-plated harness and white horses and tan-gloved driver, started three minutes first; and then, as if gathering up his horses and the stage and the reins altogether, Uncle Hank went down the line. It was a lively experience for the passengers; bends they went around on two wheels, creeks they took at a leap, boulders and ruts only they avoided, and that because a scientist was using his science. The grade of the other line must have been at that time very good, for Uncle Hank had been only four minutes hitched in front of the

Elysium Hotel when the other stage drew up. It was true that he picked his teeth as if he had been in to lunch, and casually enquired of a passenger, so that George William might hear, if they had stopped for dinner on the road, or did they expect to get it at the hotel; whereat the passenger, jolted and jarred beyond good manners, roared:

"Stop for dinner! Great Scott! We stopped for nothing — boulders, rivers, landslides or precipices; if his Satanic Majesty was after us, he found the worst trail he ever travelled — and I can't imagine what other reason there could be for such driving."

The passenger went into the hotel, George William said something below his breath and Uncle Hank smiled.

Alas for vanity! Ever it goes before a stumble, a broken spring or a sick horse. The stages had different schedules for the upward trip, but on the next journey downward disaster overtook Uncle Hank. Seven of the nine hours' ride were accomplished, and the stage was at the mouth of the cañon. Here a point of rock thrusts itself forward, marking a sharp turn in the road. Around this turn galloped the horses, and twenty feet before him, sunning itself in the road, Moloch saw an eleven-button rattler. He knew what that meant, and sat down and slid with all four feet plowing the mountain road. They stopped short of the snake, that had coiled and awaited their coming and then, perceiving the enemy otherwise engaged, had wisely slipped into the manzanitas by the roadside. Fifteen precious minutes were used in repairing the disaster to the harness — and the race was lost.

That night, for the first time in the ten years in which he had been the oracle of two communities, Uncle Hank, instead of telling stories and expounding wisdom for the benefit of the unenlightened below, went up to his room immediately after dinner and retired without lighting his candle. George William put on a new pink necktie and his beloved silk hat, and went about, stepping high like one of his white horses, but casting wary glances abroad for the appearance of one Morosin' Jones, who was coy and fidgety and could perforate a dollar at one hundred feet.

In Paradise Bar every game was settled by the best two out of three. Life was too feverish and too short to await three out of five, and it was against the principles of the camp to leave any

question undecided. Therefore, it was tacitly understood that the winner of the next race would be the standard of comparison thereafter in matters pertaining to travel. Other stage lines would be second class, ranking just above a mule train. There was another reason: Paradise Bar was exceedingly fond of excitement, but it had no mind to risk its neck in stage racing down the mountain side forever and ever; precipices yawned too many invitations. The personal feeling and the betting both heavily favored Uncle Hank, both gratifying and troubling to him.

There is little doubt that in the third race, under fair conditions, Uncle Hank would have won; he would either have won or gone over a precipice. But Rome, who had never before been known to have anything the matter with him save an abnormal appetite for grain, fell slightly lame. All day before the race Uncle Hank worried over this, all night he tossed in his blankets, and was only partly relieved the next day when Rome appeared again to be all right, and ate hay as if under the impression that the sun was shining and there was plenty more being made. The last two days had greatly changed Uncle Hank; he carried his head so that his beard touched his breast; his hat was slouched low over his eyes; he kept his hands in his pockets and spoke in monosyllables. He ate little and had a far-away look in his blue eyes. He saw his fame departing, his reputation collapsing, all that a man may build in this life, whether he creates empires or digs post-holes, crumbling — the reputation of "being onto his job."

The next morning, with the fear of that lameness in his heart, Uncle Hank hitched up and drove down the main street. He saw the yellow stage, also ready. There was no evidence of lameness in Rome as he drove up to the door of the express office, nor when the stage stopped at the Record Nugget for the hotel passengers. Uncle Hank's despondent face became more cheerful; he looked older and grayer and even bent a little that morning, but he climbed up on the box with his old-time energy. His courage and spirit were never to be doubted; only that lameness in Rome worried him. He gathered up the lines and loosened his whip; but the four did not go with their accustomed dashing display. Instead there was confusion and hesitation; in fifteen yards the slight lameness of the right wheel horse was apparent, and Uncle Hank

drew up. He dropped the lines and for a moment his face was in his hands. The other stage had gone. Nothing could ever convince the public satisfactorily, he thought, that after starting he had not given up the race through fear. The limp was scarcely apparent. He perhaps would not have noticed it for some miles had it not been for his haunting dread and the false start. Yet he knew what it would mean before the level was reached — a steep down grade and he would have to go walking into Meadow Lark, a loser by an hour.

Uncle Hank, a broken old man, climbed down from the stage.

"Take 'em, George," he said to the hostler. "There won't be no stage down to-day."

He said no more, but passed amid a dead silence along the road through the population of Paradise Bar which had turned out to see the beginning of the deciding race. Some guessed at the reason; and to all it became apparent when the horses were taken back to the stable and carefully examined.

That day Uncle Hank did not appear, nor the next; so Bob Allen went up to his cabin in the evening and, receiving no response to his knocking, kicked open the door and went in. Uncle Hank lay in his bunk, his face to the wall. To Bob's expressions of sympathy and encouraging remarks, he made no reply; they were to him as the expressions engraved on tombstones, and but added bitterness now. To his arguments, Uncle Hank vouchsafed single words in return, and never turned his face from the wall. From sympathy to argument, from argument he drifted into bulldozing; alluded to Uncle Hank as a man afraid of things, among which he specified a large number in language that I will not reproduce; and when three connected words was the most he could get out of Uncle Hank even by this, Bob knew the case was desperate and retired, defeated.

The friends of Uncle Hank, the entire population of Paradise Bar, gravely discussed the situation. It was unanimously decided that the yellow stage should thereafter stop outside of the camp limits, and Morosin' Jones publicly announced, his shoulders working up and down most nervously, that George William would immediately cease from wearing stand-up collars and red neckties; he would come into camp with a slouch hat, a flannel shirt and

teamster's warranted-to-wear gloves — or it was quite likely he would never go out again. This statement met with the silent approval of the entire assemblage; and George William, hearing of it, puzzled and bewildered, wisely refrained from coming into the camp limits at all, but remained by the stage. He explained in Meadow Lark that Paradise Bar had gone crazy; and a cheerful miner from that camp acquiesced, but added that some of the lunatics were not yet corralled, but still straying about; and said it looking so significantly at George William that the latter went home and hunted up a flannel shirt at once.

The next morning a committee waited on Uncle Hank, prepared with arguments that would show him the error of broken-heartedness — the easiest thing in the world to cure if its victims would but live to tell us of it. Uncle Hank still lay with his face to the wall, and in a little while the news was abroad in the camp that Uncle Hank, still with his face to the wall, had resolutely died. It was a gray day in Paradise Bar; the melodeon in the Red Light was hushed; friends nodded instead of speaking as they passed by; the camp began to realize what it had lost.

It was determined, as a last mark of the camp's esteem for Uncle Hank, to make the journey to the place of the final tie-up simple but impressive. No formal meeting was held; the boys just gathered together and acted on a common idea. The whole camp would be in the procession, and they would go down to Meadow Lark over the old familiar road. Uncle Hank's stage, carrying the old stage driver, would be at the head, of course; then there was an awkward pause. More than one felt that it would add to the dignity of the occasion to have two stages, but finally, when Major Wilkerson arose and suggested that the Gray Eagle stage, carrying leading citizens, be placed next, there was a murmur of dissent. Then Bob Allen arose in his place and made the only known speech of his life:

"Friends, you are on the wrong trail and will hit a blind cañon, certain. Of course we should have the other stage and Pike to drive it. Uncle Hank wasn't the kind of a man to carry jealousy with him into camp. 'Twasn't bein' beat by Pike that broke Uncle Hank's heart; it was partly p'raps bein' beat at all, and partly, to my way of thinkin', because Paradise Bar didn't stand behind

him. That was the main reason, gentlemen; he jest died of pure lonesomeness. When this yaller ve-hicle comes into camp, does we say to it: 'You're purty and you're new, and probably your springs is all right and maybe your road; but you might jest as well pass on. Do you observe this old stage with its paint wore off and its bullet holes? Do you see that it's down a little on one side and some of the spokes is new and some are old? Do you know that these four old hosses have been whoopin' her up for Paradise Bar and for nothin' else these ten years — and a sunshiny day and one chuck full of snow and sleet was all the same to them? Be you aware that this is our Uncle Hank, and that he has been workin' our lead for us these fifteen years, and never lost a dollar or a pound of stuff or spilled a passenger, or asked one of the boys to hoof it because he hadn't no *dinero?* Those bullet holes — men behind masks made 'em, but Uncle Hank never tightened a ribbon for the whole caboodle. The paint's been knocked off that stage in our service, and it's ours. Therefore, though you be yaller and handsome, with consid'ble silver plate, we can't back you against our own flesh 'n blood. And that settles it.'

"Did we talk that way, boys? No, we jest stood off and gambled on the result as if Uncle Hank was a travellin' stranger 'stead of the best friend we had. We stood off impartial like and invited the white hoss outfit to git in and win if it could. And now, gentlemen, have we got the nerve to dynamite this opposition stage line, when the whole gang of us ought to be blown sky high?

"Uncle Hank wouldn't have had it so. He didn't cherish any ill feeling pussonally against anybody; whatever he said was because they was takin' away from him what he had worked all his life for. He wasn't jealous of George William, but of him as a stage driver, because we made him so. Boys, he loved us and was mighty proud of our regard — and we didn't show it in the time of trial. And he's gone over the great divide with tears in his eyes, and we are to blame. Who among any of us poor fools has a right to say that the other stage shouldn't follow?"

Bob sat down amid absolute silence, wiping his face vigorously. Major Wilkerson rose to his feet.

"I renew my suggestion," said he, "that we have the Gray Eagle stage. I think you'll all agree that Bob's right."

Morosin' Jones rose from his stump, suffused with emotion.

"In course he's right," he said, huskily. "But the stage oughter be painted black."

A murmur of assent greeted this speech.

The day was beautiful. The procession went slowly down the old stage road, past Lime Point, through the Roaring River cañon, beyond up Reddy's grade, over the First Summit and then through Little Forest to the watering place at the head of the last cañon. Every stream, every tree, every rock along the road was known to Uncle Hank. He was going home over a familiar way. The pine trees, with their sombre green, were silent; the little streams that went frolicking from one side of a cañon to another seemed subdued; it was spring, but the gray squirrels were not barking in the tree tops, and the quail seemed to pipe but faintly through the underbrush. The lupines and the bluebells nodded along the way; the chipmunks stood in the sunlight and stared curiously.

All would have gone well had not George William Pike been a man without understanding — and such a man is beyond redemption. He did not appreciate the spirit of the invitation to join in this last simple ceremony in honor of Uncle Hank. He accepted it as an apology from Paradise Bar and growled to himself because of the absurd request to paint the coach black — which he would not have done except for an order from the superintendent, who was a man of policy. A year could have been wasted in explaining that the invitation was an expression of humility and of atonement for the camp's treatment of its own. So he came and wore his silk hat and his red necktie, and Morosin' Jones almost had a spasm in restraining himself.

Down the mountain side they went, slowly and decorously. Nothing eventful happened until the mouth of the cañon was cleared, and then George William became impatient. He could not understand the spirit of the occasion. Meadow Lark and supper were a long way off, and the luncheon at the Half-Way House had been light. So he began making remarks over his horses' heads with the intention of hurrying up Gregg, who was driving the old stage.

"Well fitted for this kind of work, those horses, ain't they?" he said. "Seems curious they were ever put on the stage."

Gregg said nothing, but tightened rein a bit.

"Where will we stop for the night?" asked George William presently, flicking the off leader's ear with his whip.

Gregg turned around angrily.

"If you don't like the way this thing is bein' done, you can cut and go on in town alone; but if you don't keep your mouth closed there'll be trouble."

"I don't want to go into town alone," rejoined George William pleasantly, "but I reckon we'd go in better fashion if we was at the head of this percession."

"Maybe you'd better try it," said Gregg, reddening, and thereupon George William turned out his four white horses and his black stage, without saying anything to his two passengers, and proceeded to go around.

Gregg gathered in the slack in his reins. "Go back!" he roared. But Pike, swinging wide to the right to avoid the far-reaching whip, went on. Nebuchadnezzar picked up his ears. Rome looked enquiringly at Athens, and Moloch snorted indignantly. Athens' expression said very plainly: "Are we at our time of life going to permit four drawing-room apologies for horses and a new-fangled rattletrap to pass us on our own road?" The negative response could be seen in the quiver that ran down each horse's back. The leaders gently secured their bits between their teeth.

So absorbed was Gregg in the strange action of George William that he paid little attention to his own horses. Up and down the line behind him men were waving and gesticulating and shouting.

"Don't let him pass you!" yelled Wilkerson. That instruction ran up and down the line, clothed in a variety of picturesque and forcible utterances. But no instruction was needed by the horses in front of Gregg.

They understood, and scarcely had the other stage turned into the main road ahead when they at one jump broke from a walk to a gallop. George William saw and gave his four the rein and the whip. Glancing back, Gregg watched the whole procession change from a line of decorous dignity to one of active excitement. Dust began to rise, men on horseback passed men on mules; men in buckboards passed men on lumber wagons.

George William held the road, and with it a great advantage. To pass him it would be necessary to go out among the rocks and the sage brush, and the white four were racing swiftly, rolling out behind them a blinding cloud of dust. Gregg set his teeth, and spoke encouragingly to his horses.

George William turned and shouted back an insult:

"You needn't hurry; we'll tell them you'll be there to-morrow. 'Tend to your new business; there is nothing in the other for you. We're going into town first."

"Maybe," said Gregg grimly — and loosened his whip.

The four lifted themselves together at its crack; in another half mile they were ready to turn out to go around. Gregg watched for a place anxiously. Brush and boulders seemed everywhere, but finally he chose a little sandy wash along which ran the road for a way. Turning out, he went into the sand and lost ten yards. He heard George William laugh sarcastically. But the old stage horses had been in sand before, and had but one passenger besides their driver. In a little while they were abreast the leaders, and here they stayed and could gain no farther. For George William laid on the lash, and the road was good. On they went, the one stage running smoothly on the hard road, the other swaying, bounding, rocking among the rocks and the gullies. A little while they ran thus, and then the road began to tell. Pike shouted triumphantly. Gregg, with despair in his heart, watched with grief the loss of inch after inch.

"What can I do?" he groaned — and turning, he found himself face to face with Uncle Hank. The reins dropped from his nerveless hands, and his face went white.

"Give me a hand," shouted Uncle Hank, and over the swinging door he crawled on the seat — and Gregg perceived he was flesh and blood. The old fire was in his eyes, he stood erect and loosened his whip with his left hand easily as of yore. And then something else happened. The line behind was scattered and strung out to perhaps a mile in length, but every eye was on the racing coaches. They saw the familiar figure of the old stage driver, saw him gather up the reins; saw, and understood that he had come back to life again, and up and down that line went a cheer such as Paradise Bar will seldom hear again.

Uncle Hank sent the whip waving over the backs of his beloved. "Nebuchadnezzar! Moloch! Rome! Athens! Come! No loafing now. This is our road, our stage — and our camp is shouting. Don't you hear the boys! Ten years together, you 'n me. Whose dust have we taken? Answer me! Good, Athens, good — steady, Rome, you blessed whirlwind. Reach out, Neb — that's it — reach. Easy, Moloch, easy; never mind the rocks. Yo-ho! Yo-ho-o-o! In we go!"

At the first words of the master, the four lifted themselves as if inspired. Then they stretched lowly and ran; ran because they knew as only horses can know; ran as his voice ran, strong and straight. In three minutes they turned in ahead of the white horses and the funereal stage. The race was practically won.

Uncle Hank, with the hilarious Gregg alongside, drove into Meadow Lark ten minutes ahead of all others — and Meadow Lark in its astonishment almost stampeded. After a while the rest of Paradise Bar arrived, two of its leading citizens, who had started out in a certain black stage drawn by four horses, coming in on foot. They were quite non-committal in their remarks, but it was inferred from a few words dropped casually that, after the stage stopped, they lost some time in chasing the driver back into the foothills; and it was observed that they were quite gloomy over their failure to capture him.

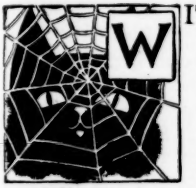
"Oh, never mind," said Morosin' Jones in an ecstasy of joy. "What's the good of cherishin' animosity? Why, for all I care he kin wear that red necktie now if he wants to" — then after a pause — "yes, and the silk hat, too, if he's bound to be a cabby."

Uncle Hank was smiling and shaking hands with everybody and explaining how the familiar motion of the stage had brought him out of his trance.

"I'm awful glad to have you here, boys; mighty glad to see you. The hosses and me are proud. I'll admit it. We oughter be. Ain't Paradise Bar with us, and didn't we win two out of three, after all?"

A Burglar Bridegroom.*

BY CALLY RYLAND.



ITH his overcoat thrown over his arm and his hat and gloves in his hand, "Bobby" Tunstall stood waiting for his bride. The room in which he exercised his patience was blazing with electric lights, which repeated themselves in myriad reflections in the gorgeous display of gold, silver and cut-glass gifts strewn about the apartment in careless profusion. Bobby revolved slowly and looked about him.

"Whew!" he said, under his breath: "A small fortune in themselves."

He looked up quickly as a step sounded in the hall outside, but it was only a maid, bringing in "Miss Laura's" handbag to wait beside his own, and he turned again to his survey of the costly wedding compliments.

A magnificent necklace of pearls and diamonds lay in an open case before him, and he picked it up and stared at it.

"Not less than twenty thousand," he said, and sighed.

It was long since he had held the equivalent of such a sum in his hand. His mind rapidly reviewed the past few months. How distinctly he remembered the first evening Jack Tarleton had brought him to this very room, to call upon Miss Bridges. How long ago it seemed, and yet how short the time since he had realized that he was desperately in love. How sickening the qualm of conscience when he discovered that he was his old friend's successful rival; how elated he had been when the Adored One promptly accepted him.

Bobby was a generous soul, as his rapidly dwindling funds showed in the radiant days that followed, and the few crisply

* Copyright, 1902, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

folded bills which he was now fingering nervously in his pocket were the sole means for a wedding journey.

"Not a very brilliant prospect for a lavish honeymoon," he murmured, and again his eye fell on the glittering necklace.

Which of the Three Tricky Sisters suddenly extinguished the electric lights! Only for two seconds, but when they flashed up again with a little sizzle of renewed energy Bobby found the diamond necklace in his hand — how, he could not tell.

A light step on the stair, and the necklace slipped into his pocket and its case into a convenient waste-basket, while Bobby turned with a smile to greet his bride, who stood blushing in the doorway.

Following a prevalent fad, Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Tunstall refused to divulge to family or friends the plan for their wedding journey, and so it was not until they were discussing their first dinner in their cozy little home — one of the wedding presents — that they were made acquainted with the loss of the necklace.

Bobby turned white, as Laura's sister Agnes told with dramatic effect the tragic tale, and Laura said, giving his hand a little surreptitious squeeze under the table: "I really believe you feel the loss more keenly than I do, darling."

"I am sure I do," said Bobby.

All that evening the necklace hung about his neck like the Ancient Mariner's albatross, and at night it was securely tucked away into his sponge bag, for, he argued, that would be the last place a burglar would ever think of searching for valuables.

Although, through skilful management, he had been able to bring the necklace home without pledging a pearl for the purpose which had impelled him to purloin it, his heart sank at the futile devices of his brain for returning it to its rightful owner.

At first he thought of making a joke of the whole affair with his wife, but when he learned from Agnes the enormous excitement the matter had created, and was told that detectives were at work on the case, he gave up that scheme. As for going to Mr. Bridges, he preferred to imagine rather than experience a father-in-law's wrath. All night he was tormented by dreadful dreams, in which sponge bags played leading parts, and a necklace of millstones hung about his neck.

But the newspaper by his plate at breakfast brought him the first easy moment he had known for weeks, for in a prominent place he read this advertisement:

> **$3000 REWARD.**
>
> THE above reward will be paid, and no questions asked, for the return of the necklace taken on the night of Jan. 19, from the residence of R. C. Bridges, to that address, or to 50 Broadway.

"No questions asked!" The phrase shone from the page rosy with the light of hope. Laura was amazed at the change in her husband's appearance when she came tripping down to breakfast.

"There, dearest!" she exclaimed. "I knew that tonic was just what you needed. You look even better than you did before our marriage."

"I have certainly found a wonderful relief," said Bobby, solemnly.

Mr. Bridges sat in his private office, immersed in a pile of correspondence, when the glazed door opened suddenly and his son-in-law walked in with a breezy "Good morning, Father."

"Have you heard about the necklace?" was almost the first question asked of the young man after the preliminary greetings.

"Agnes has told us," was the answer. "But you are offering too large a reward — $1,250 will bring it."

Mr. Bridges swung around in his swivel-chair in amazement.

"What do you know about it?" he said. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," Tunstall coolly replied. "It's a little secret — but it's all in the family. Write me a check to bearer for $1,250, and I guarantee that the necklace shall be produced — and save you $1,750!"

Still wondering, the broker complied, but with such an expression of inquiry that, when Bobby had pocketed the check, he proceeded, in a graver manner than his father-in-law ever had known him to assume, to make the mutely demanded explanation, having assured himself that the door was securely closed.

"Though possessed of an ample income," he said, "I have always spent it as it came — and not unfrequently before it came. It was during such a state of temporary lack of funds that I was introduced to your household. I assure you most sincerely that I had no idea at that time of Tarleton's feelings toward Laura, and

certainly had no intention of becoming his rival, and it was therefore without compunction that I accepted from him a loan sufficient to enable me to maintain a proper appearance in the social circle in which you move."

A soft whistle was the father-in-law's only comment.

"Well," continued Tunstall, "when Jack found that Laura preferred me he turned rusty, dunned me for the debt, which now aggregates $1,250, and even at my bachelor dinner hinted that I might be served with a legal process on my honeymoon. That was one reason for concealing our whereabouts, and it was that threat hanging over me — together with an opportunity that Fate itself must have created — that induced me to take temporary charge of one of my wife's ornaments, which I now feel much pleasure in transferring to you. I need hardly say that, for the sake of the reputation of the family and the feelings of your daughter, it would be well not to tell how you have recovered it, especially to my wife."

"What is that about your wife?" inquired Laura, entering the office unannounced.

"I was merely saying that you would be delighted to know that your father has recovered your necklace," said Bobby, with great presence of mind.

"Oh! how lovely!" exclaimed Laura, as her husband held it up. "You know I scarcely got a good look at it on our wedding day. But don't go, Bobby," she added, as he turned to leave. "I came in to ask Papa to turn the management of my affairs over to you — just wait while he has the papers made out."

"You might charge that $1,250 to the dowry," whispered Bobby to his father-in-law.

THE AMERICAN HABIT

One in Every Three Affected

Of the coffee drinkers in America, it is estimated that one in three are partially disabled from broken-down nervous systems. America is the greatest consumer of coffee in the world. Can you draw the correct inference from these two facts?

Many a person will exclaim "Nonsense!" It is easy for any thoughtless person to jump at a conclusion that a philosopher would study carefully over before reaching. Think of the members of your own family; how many of them are perfectly and completely well in every respect? How many of your friends are perfectly healthy? Inquire of them and you will be surprised to learn that the average of one in every three, who are sick, in the main, stands true. Health depends, primarily, upon a perfectly poised nervous organization, and the greatest known enemy to the nervous system is coffee. Its active principle is caffeine, which is a pronounced nerve-destroyer. The action is, first, to attack the stomach, then the pneumogastric nerve which lies behind the stomach and which is directly connected with the brain.

The disordered condition passes thence from the brain to all parts of the body, and in some it will show in trepidation (well-known nervous condition); in others this is hidden, but the work goes on from day to day, until some day the accumulation of forces climaxes in some organic disease. It may be the kidneys become affected and Bright's disease sets up, it may be weak eyes, may be catarrh, stomach trouble, palpitation and heart failure (which is becoming more and more noticeable among Americans).

Somewhere, you may depend upon it, this work will show forth in the form of disease. It may become so fixed and chronic that it cannot be thrown off. It is hard to induce a man or a woman to give up coffee when they have become addicted to its use, but if such people can be given Postum Food Coffee, they will quickly change for the better, for the food drink, when properly made, has even a more beautiful color than the ordinary coffee, and has the delicious, toothsome flavor of old government Java of the milder and higher priced grades. The work of reorganization begins at once, for the tearing down element of coffee has been eliminated, and in its place the strong, rebuilding effects of the elements contained in the food coffee go directly to work to rebuild the broken-down, delicate gray matter in the nerve centres and brain. This is just plain, old-fashioned common-sense, that any thoughtful person can make use of; in fact, hundreds of thousands of brain-workers in America have already discovered the fact and are using Postum Food Coffee, to their very great benefit and relief.

A FLY

is not as harmless as it seems. It brings into the house many undesirable things which it picks up with its hairy, cup-shaped feet. Among them are disease germs. After a fly has entered your home it is a menace to your family's health,—you should make it harmless. But you cannot do it without

TANGLEFOOT
STICKY FLY PAPER

which catches the fly and the germs it carries and coats them both over with a varnish from which they can never escape.

Poisoning the fly will not do —as the germ is not poisoned. A fly trap will not do,—as the buzzing of the fly will blow the germs through the meshes and you will inhale them. So **TANGLEFOOT** is the only remedy. Every dealer has it. It is an inexpensive safeguard.

THE O. & W. THUM CO., Mfrs.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Squab Book FREE

Squabs bring *big prices*, are raised in 1 month. Take only spare time. An eager market and astonishing profits. Easy for women and invalids. Steady home income. Small space and capital. Here is *something worth looking into*. Facts given in our **FREE BOOK**, "How to Make Money With Squabs." Address,
PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO., 11A Friend St., Boston, Mass.

DUPLICATE **WHIST** 8-tray set, $1.50; 12 set, $2.25 (in neat case), of your stationer or sent prepaid by the Manufacturer, J N O. W. RICE, Atlanta, Ga.

PENNANT **CLASS PINS** this style, with any 4 letters or figures and one or two colors of enamel, sterling silver, 25c. each; $2.50 a doz. Silver plated, 10c. each; $1.00 a doz. Special designs in pins or badges made for any class or society at reasonable prices; send design for estimates. Catalogue free. **Bastian Bros., 52 Rochester, N.Y.**

Kitchen Utensils
HAVING THIS
TRADE MARK

ARE SAFE.

We claim Purity and Safety, and substantiate this claim with Chemists' Certificates

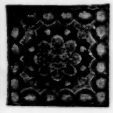
By the Blue Label used only by us (and fully sustained by recent U. S. Circuit Court decision) pasted on every piece of genuine Agate Nickel-Steel Ware. Booklet showing facsimile of this label, etc., mailed free to any address.

Agate Nickel-Steel Ware is sold by the leading Department and Housefurnishing Stores.

Lalance & Grosjean Mfg. Co., New York, Boston, Chicago.

We Carpet Your Floor for $3

To introduce our new, serviceable and healthful



BRUSSELETTE ART RUGS

Attractive and artistic patterns, woven on both sides and in all colors and sizes. Easily kept clean and warranted to outwear higher-priced carpets. Sent prepaid to any point east of the Rocky Mountains. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Illustrated catalogue showing rugs in actual colors sent free.

Sanitary Mfg. Company 75 Bourse Building Philadelphia, Pa.

"REVERSIBLE" "Linene" Collars & Cuffs.

MANY ADVANTAGES.

Perfect in fit, never ragged or uncomfortable. Very convenient, stylish, economical. Made of fine cloth and exactly resemble linen goods. Turn down collars are reversible and give double service.

NO LAUNDRY WORK.

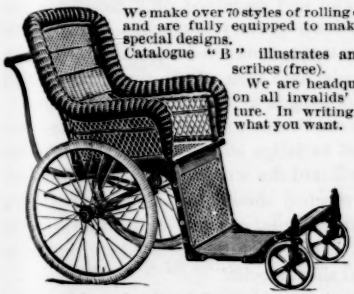
When soiled, discard. **Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs, 25c. By mail, 30c.** Send 6c. in stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. O, Boston.

Our Business is to make folks comfortable

This chair has an adjustable back and arms that can be converted into shelves for writing, holding books, etc. Over 30 other styles. Catalogue "C" free.

"University" Chair



We make over 70 styles of rolling chairs and are fully equipped to make any special designs. Catalogue "B" illustrates and describes (free).

We are headquarters on all invalids' furniture. In writing state what you want.

"SPECIAL" **WE PAY FREIGHT** to any point east of the Mississippi River, points west on equal basis, if this advertisement is enclosed with order.

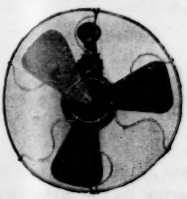
GEORGE F. SARGENT CO.,
293 Y. Kennedy Building,
4th Ave., near 23d St., New York City.

Big Money

Made or saved. Print your own cards, &c., with a $5 Press. Larger size for circulars, books, newspapers, $18. Type setting easy, printed rules. Send stamp for samples, catalogue of presses, type, paper, &c., to factory. **The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.**

2000 Revolutions a Minute!

FAN $1.50



Measurement 10 inches
Throws air equal to any $15 electric fan.

RUNS BY WATER
Can be connected in any room or to any spigot.

Fed by $\frac{1}{16}$ Inch Hole
Descriptive Circular free on request.

AGENTS WANTED.

DELAWARE RUBBER CO., 631 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Prevention of Accidents

is not always possible, but you can insure against loss of income while disabled by taking out

An Accident Policy

in THE TRAVELERS of Hartford, the oldest, largest and strongest Accident Insurance Company in the world. These policies guarantee a weekly income while disabled and large amounts for loss of legs, arms, hands, feet or eyes. If death ensues a stated sum is paid. $27,000,000 have been distributed among 376,000 policy-holders or their families for injuries or death.

A Life Policy

in THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY provides safe insurance at a lower guaranteed net cost than mutual companies. Mutual companies charge for insurance and give such a share of the profits as the company may see fit. THE TRAVELERS charges for insurance only. The net cost of a policy in THE TRAVELERS is therefore guaranteed and known beforehand and the difference in cost is in your pocket first to last.

Agents in every town; or write for interesting literature.

The Travelers Insurance Co.
Hartford, Conn.
(Founded 1863)

The Black Cat

$10,285 Prize Story Contest

Awards

On the following pages will be found the list of the successful competitors in the above-named contest, which closed February 26. As more than one-half of the very large number of competing manuscripts was received during the ten days immediately preceding that date, it was impossible, in justice to all concerned, to read and judge them within the time originally specified, but, with the exception of those deemed worthy of further reading and consideration, all were returned within the time first fixed.

The reading proceeded uninterruptedly for six months, involving an amount of labor, care and solicitude which could have been undertaken and sustained only through a just pride in the reputation of The Black Cat as the leading story magazine. No one not actually connected with a competition of such magnitude, conducted along the lines which characterize The Black Cat contests, can form an adequate idea of the time, toil, clerical and critical detail and pecuniary outlay required to bring it to a successful conclusion.

Every story submitted in accordance with the conditions was carefully read and considered and the invariable rule of The Black Cat to judge stories upon their intrinsic merits alone, without regard to the name or reputation of the writer, was strictly observed. While it is not to be expected that the decisions reached should satisfy all competitors, those who may feel that they have had stories returned equal or superior to those accepted ought to experience no difficulty in finding a ready market for them elsewhere, for never has there been so great a demand for good, original short stories.

The widespread interest taken in the competition is evidenced by the fact that stories were entered from every State and Territory in the Union, from many foreign countries, and from persons in all walks of life. Twenty-nine States are represented in the list of the successful, which comprises professional writers, members of college faculties, teachers, ministers, lawyers and doctors, as well as men and women who had not before entered the literary field.

It is worthy of notice that the two chief prizes went to the Southwest — Texas and Missouri — and to a man and a woman, respectively, with neither of whom literature is a profession, and that of the eighty-one names on the successful list, thirty are those of women. Three of the foreign competitors scored successes. Thirteen previous contributors to the pages of The Black Cat had stories accepted.

While the amount offered in prizes was $10,285, this was subsequently increased by a special prize and by the sum of $2,150 set aside for the purchase of stories, making the total sum paid

$12,560 Instead of $10,285

The prizes have been paid to the persons named.

The publication of the prize stories will begin with the July issue, and every one of the vast army of friends of The Black Cat should bring its added charms to the attention of acquaintances, that its wide popularity may be still further increased.

The Black Cat $10,285 Story Contest—Continued

$2,100 World Tour.	C. C. Osborne, Fort Worth, Tex., "A Few Bars in the Key of G."
$1,300 Automobile.	Mrs. Clark Dooley, Houston, Mo., "The Backsliding of Miss Mindy."
$1,000 Cash.	Alice Brown, Boston, Mass., "Cap'n Penfield's Pinks." Prof. A. W. Anthony, Lewiston, Me., "A Tale Never Told."
$500 Cash.	Mary Van Brunt Hunter, Elgin, Ill., "A Bridegroom's Substitute." Robert Roberts, Stanford University, Calif., "The Desert's Gold."
$500 Crown Piano.	M. T. Cogswell, Melrose, Mass., "How the Bigelow House Got Painted."
$350 Trip to San Francisco.	Elizabeth Owen, Denver, Colo., "A Tale of Two, and Two Others."
$300 Cash.	Folger Swift, Atlantic City, N. J., "Andrew Josiah Sarkon."
$300 Cash.	Eve Brodlique-Summers, Chicago, Ill., "According to Omar."
$250 Angelus.	Mabel Loder Stearns, Springfield, Mass., "The Dinner Party at Dayton Ranch."
$200 Cash.	Walter E. Andrews, So. Haven, Mich., "The Freeze That Thawed Her."
$200 Cash.	F. E. Chase, Boston, Mass., "The Green Gamp."
$200 Cash.	Louis Weslyn, Palo Alto, Calif., "The Jockey Who Went to Sleep."
$150 Cash.	Walter Talmadge Arndt and Philip L. Allen, Evening Post, New York, N. Y., "An Arctic Scoop."
$150 Cash.	Harry Stillwell Edwards, Macon, Ga., "My Oriental Visitor."
$150 Cash.	Anna Nicholas, Indianapolis, Ind., "Miss Lucyanna's Eventful Day."
$150 Cash.	Eleanor A. Sterling, E. Orange, N. J., "The Ones Concerned."
$150 Trip to Cuba.	Susan Keating Glaspell, Davenport, Iowa, "The Work of the Unloved Libby."
$125 Cash.	Bland B. Huddleston, Millsap's College, Jackson, Miss., "Rance."
$125 Cash.	Henry Gardner Hunting, Saginaw, Mich., "The Patent Envelope."
$125 Cash.	Annie Fellows Johnston, Walton, N. Y., "An Inherited Circus."
$125 Cash.	Fred Nye, New York, N. Y., "The New Art."
$125 Cash.	Virginia Yeaman Remnitz, Madison, N. J., "Out of Court."
$125 Cash. Special Prize.	Dr. Clay MacCauley, Boston, Mass., "The Daughter of the Samurai."
$110 Fox Typewriter.	Will B. Wilder, St. Paul, Minn., "Miss Robin Hood."
$100 Oliver Typewriter.	F. E. Chase, Boston, Mass., "The Ticklemore Boom."
$100 Cash.	Evelyn Snead Barnett, Louisville, Ky., "The Closed Door."
$100 Cash.	Jas. F. B. Belford, B. A., Manitoba, Canada, "The Courting of Mirandy."
$100 Cash.	Julia Truitt Bishop, New Orleans, La., "Auxons."
$100 Cash.	Robert Adger Bowen, New York, N. Y., "The Rivalry of the Grave."
$100 Cash.	Arthur Chamberlain, Salem, Mass., "Reasons of State."
$100 Cash.	Countess Louveau de Chavanne, Philadelphia, Pa., "The Artist's Story."

The Black Cat $10,285 Story Contest—Continued

$100 Cash.	HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS, Macon, Ga., "Between Two Suns."
$100 Cash.	FRANK X. FINNEGAN, The Chronicle, Chicago, Ill., "Where the Lines Meet."
$100 Cash.	GEORGE H. HEBARD, Hartford, Conn., "Upside-downville."
$100 Cash.	KATHARINE TYNAN, London, Eng., "Prisoners in the Tower."
$100 Cash.	DON MARK LEMON, San Francisco, Calif., "The Man Under the Tree."
$100 Cash.	ALEX. RICKETTS, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., "The Great White Serpent of the Malorli."
$100 Cash.	MRS. F. M. VERMILYE, New York, N. Y., "A Metaphysical Crime."
$100 Cash.	F. M. WARWICK, "Star," Marion, Ohio, "Mrs. Hanshy's Twins."
$100 Cash.	REV. ROBERT WHITAKER, San Francisco, Calif., "Made to Order."
$2,150 Cash.	For purchase of stories from writers named below:

Juliet Bayne, Atlanta, Ga., "In the Cane Belt."
Minnie S. Baker, Anderson, S. C., "One of the Few."
Otho B. Senga, Roxbury, Boston, Mass., "Young Dave Dudley."
Charles Roswell Norman, Anniston, Ala., "Love's Immune."
Addison Clark, Hermoson, Texas, "The Heart of Emeline Dale."
Sarah Comstock, San Francisco, Calif., "Saint Devil."
Lida E. Cranston, Pendleton, Oregon, "The Backsliding of Yakob Mueller."
George Dyre Eldridge, Riverdale, N. Y., "The Dungeon of Deception."
David Bruce Fitzgerald, Cincinnati, Ohio, "A Cupid from Prison."
Mary Garton Foster, San Francisco, Calif., "The Mission of the Limp Man."
Sewell Ford, Hackensack, N. J., "The Czar's Mince Pies."
John Palmer Gavit, Wilmerding, Pa., "Whom Destiny Pursued."
Grace Gorrill Gowing, Piedmont, Calif., "By Way of the Chute."
Lottie Estelle Granger, Des Moines, Iowa, "Another Alcestis."
Lewis Francis Hanes, Greensboro, N. C., "When the Laurel Blooms."
Frank H. Mayer, Denver, Colo., "The Wooing of Widow McCann."
Felix Fellows, Stanford, Ky., "Granny."
Frank A. Hays, Spencer, Ind., "When White Turned Black."
W. B. Hayward, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, "A Salvage Case."
Ellsworth Kelley, Yates Center, Kans., "The Menelaus of Sin-i-bar."
Charles Webster Kimball, New York, N. Y., "A Literary Gold-Brick."
Don Mark Lemon, San Francisco, Calif., "Smith, Smith, Smith and Smith," "The White Death," and "A Bride in Ultimate."
Roderick Hamilton, Chicago, Ill., "The Apotheosis of Jay."
Gustave Frederick Mertins, Montgomery, La., "A Human Loadstone."
George E. Miles, New York, N. Y., "A Close Shave."
Irene Gardner, Toledo, Ohio, "To the Man It Most Concerns."
Mrs. Willis Lord Moore, Cleveland, Ohio, "The Passing of the Gooba."
Jessie Reno Odlin, Anacortes, Wash., "The Town That Took Treatment."
Annie Rankin Osborne, Nashville, Tenn., "A Brilliant Coincidence."
DeGrey C. Fogg, Newburyport, Mass., "The Delegates From Dulverton."
Montgomery B. Pickett, Chicago, Ill., "The General's Term of Office."
Alban E. Ragg, Toronto, Canada, "For Her Father's Sake."
Cora Helm Ramsay, Maryville, Mo., "How Ezra Kept His Trust."
Harrison Graves, Lincoln, Neb., "The Mysterious Mirror."
Mary Stockbridge, Webster Groves, Mo., "Sabinar's Jim."
Fannie May Trousdale, Monroe, La., "By Grace of the Bishop."
Bushrod C. Washington, Jr., Washington, D. C., "Cupid Krag-Jörgensen."
T. Worcester Worrell, Frankford, Pa., "The Waters of the Gulf."
Prof. Howard Crosby Warren, Princeton University, N. J., "The Stolen Wedding Journey."

H. & H. Pneumatic Bust Forms.

Inflated by a Breath. "Light as air, Natural as Life."

These Forms do away with all unsightly, unhealthy and uncomfortable padding. They produce perfectly the full bust and slender waist decreed by the latest fashion. Positively the only device which perfectly simulates flesh and blood. Applied in an instant, invisible with any costume; neither sight nor touch reveals their use. Worn with or without corsets. Eagerly welcomed by society women everywhere. Endorsed by leading dressmakers and ladies' tailors. They fit any figure, adapt themselves to every movement and position, take the desired size and shape, filling out ill-looking wrinkles, making the "fit" of any dress perfect and stylish. In light waists and evening dress they are worn low in the corset, forcing the natural bosom upward, while they remain concealed. As a support they are a grateful relief to nursing mothers. For bathers they are indispensable; not injured by water, preserve the beautiful contour of wearer, not detected by closest inspection and act as a buoy to the bather. They are pronounced by an eminent woman "more an inspiration than an invention." Massage, medicines and appliances are often dangerous and always unsatisfactory as "developers." On request [naming this publication] we shall be pleased to mail free photo illustrated circulars. All correspondence and goods mailed sealed without advertising marks.

Address **HENDERSON & HENDERSON, BUFFALO, N. Y.**

OLD EYES MADE NEW. A Self Cure by pneumatic oscillation, for Far Sight, Atrophy, Cataract. By mail, 10c.
DR. FOOTE, Box 788, NEW YORK.

GRAY HAIR RESTORED

"WALNUTTA" HAIR STAIN is prepared from the juice of the Philippine Islands walnut, and restores Gray, Streaked, Faded or Bleached Hair, Eyebrows, Beard or Moustache to its original color, **instantaneously.** Gives any shade from **Light Brown to Black. Does not wash off or rub off.** Contains no poisons, and is not sticky or greasy. **"Walnutta" Hair Stain** will give more satisfactory results in one minute than all the hair restorers and hair dyes will in a lifetime. **Price 60 cents a bottle,** postpaid. To convince you of its merits we will send a **sample bottle postpaid for 20c.**
PACIFIC TRADING CO., Dist. Office 25, St. Louis, Mo.

77 Information Bureaus of the New York Central Lines

Each city ticket office of the New York Central, Boston & Albany, Michigan Central, Lake Shore, Big Four, Pittsburg & Lake Erie, and Lake Erie & Western Railroads in the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Worcester, Springfield, Albany, Utica, Montreal, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, Portland, Los Angeles, and Dallas, Texas, is an information bureau where desired information regarding rates, time of trains, character of resorts, hotel accommodations, and a thousand and one other things the intending traveler wants to know will be freely given to all callers.

For a copy of Four Track Series No. 3, "America's Summer Resorts," send a 2-cent stamp to GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station; or

Send 5 cents for a sample copy of the Four Track News, a beautifully illustrated magazine of travel and education.

LADIES to do piece work at their homes. We furnish all material and pay from $7 to $12 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Send stamped envelope to
ROYAL CO., Desk B. C., 34 Monroe Street, Chicago.

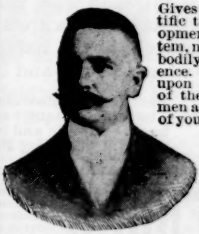
PROFESSOR

C. Gust. P. Blomqvist

Graduated Masseur

ORIGINATOR OF

THE BLOMQVIST SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL EXERCISES



Gives the only true and scientific treatment for the development of the muscular system, nervous exhaustion, and bodily deformities in existence. His treatment is based upon a complete knowledge of the physical anatomy of men and women. A diagnosis of your case is made, your physical needs determined and treatment given which will meet your individual case. There are over two thousand different movements, each for a separate purpose in the Blomqvist System. Every disease or deformity is given a specific set of movements. Other systems do not exceed twenty-five separate movements and the one set is recommended to cure every ailment. Comment is unnecessary.

Curvature of the Spine

cured by the Blomqvist System. Not only does this system cure any deformity of the body, but corrects irregularity in the outlines of the body. References from society leaders, United States Senators and people of highest political and social standing. Individual treatment by mail only, no apparatus or chart. Write for full information. Consult your physician.

BLOMQVIST
Gymnastic and Orthopedic Institute
CREIGHTON BLOCK, OMAHA, NEB.

The Health of a Manly Man

Why will not all men insist upon having it, when it is so easy to get and to keep. Some men are eaten alive by tape-worms, others wander hopelessly for years dying slow deaths from bowel disease.

"After taking two Cascarets, there came on the scene a very unexpected visitor in the shape of a tape-worm eighteen feet long at least, which I am sure caused my bad health for three years."—Geo. W. Bowles, Baird, Miss.

"After taking Cascarets I have had a natural relief without taking medicine of any sort during the past two weeks. This had not occurred for 18 years."
—Chas. E. Penny, 601 Yates Ave., Brooklyn.

"For three years I have been afflicted with diabetes. Since using Cascarets I have found great relief and feel that I must send you my personal recommendation."
—C. H. Lyman, 813 West Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

"I have been using Cascarets for stomach trouble of six years standing. I am cured and recommend them to all who need a remedy."—Rev. E. M. Chandler, Mill P. O., Mo.

"Cascarets cured me of the piles, with which I had long suffered."—J. L. Wolleson, Perry, Oklahoma.

"Cascarets are the only remedy I have ever used that cause a fine, easy movement of the bowels without impairing the functions of the stomach."—Chas. S. Campbell, Sunbury, Pa.

"I used Cascarets for insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for twenty years. They gave me immediate relief."
—Thos. Gillard, Elgin, Illinois.

"I have given Cascarets a thorough trial in an obstinate case of constipation at a time when piles were forming. It yielded nicely to the treatment."
—T. Dale Givan, M. D., Nixa, Mo.

"Cascarets cured me of flux of long standing. They are worth their weight in diamonds."
—Leopold Kahn, Wapakoneta, Ohio.

Business as well as social life of today is one of strain and effort, and the struggle for existence in competition makes life a fight day in day out, in which care of body, nerves, blood is more or less neglected. Men wonder what's wrong with them. No man can stand such unnatural conditions unless he counteracts them by using Cascarets Candy Cathartic, causing regularity of body in spite of irregularity of habits. A man who "feels bad" should take Cascarets, find out what's wrong and be cured.

Cascarets

Best for the Bowels. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sample and booklet free. Address
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York. 519

FREE TRUSS

I have a truss that's cured hundreds of ruptures. It's safe, sure, and easy as an old stocking. No elastic or steel band around the body or between the legs. Holds any rupture. To introduce it every sufferer who answers this ad can have one free. It won't cost a cent. ALEX. SPEIRS, 710 Main St., Westbrook, Maine.

HYPNOTISM

Would you possess that strange mysterious power which charms and fascinates men and women, influences their thoughts, controls their desires and makes you supreme master of every situation? Life is full of alluring possibilities for those who master the secrets of hypnotic influence; for those who develop their magnetic powers. You can learn at home, cure diseases and bad habits without drugs, win the friendship and love of others, **increase your income,** gratify your ambitions, drive worry and trouble from your mind, improve your memory, overcome domestic difficulties, give the most thrilling entertainment ever witnessed and develop a wonderfully magnetic will power that will enable you to overcome all obstacles to your success.

You can hypnotize people instantaneously,—quick as a flash,—put yourself or anyone else to sleep at any hour of the day or night—banish pain and suffering. **Our free book** tells you the secrets of this wonderful science. It explains exactly how you can use this power to better your condition in life. It is enthusiastically endorsed by ministers of the gospel, lawyers, doctors, business men and society women. It benefits everybody. It costs nothing. We give it away to advertise our college. Write for it to-day.

American College of Sciences, Dept. A K 9 420 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

TO FAT PEOPLE

I can reduce your weight 3 to 5 pounds a week without any radical change in what you eat; no nauseating drugs, no tight bandages, nor sickening cathartics. **I am a regular practising physician, making a specialty of the reduction of surplus flesh;** and after you have taken my treatment a few weeks you will say: "I never felt better in my life."

SAFE, PROMPT AND CERTAIN.

By my treatment your weight will be reduced without causing wrinkles or flabbiness of skin; heavy abdomen, double chin or other evidences of obesity will disappear; your form will acquire symmetry; complexion will be cleared; troubles of heart, kidneys, stomach or other organs will be remedied; and you will be delightfully astonished at the promptness and ease with which these results are accomplished under my system. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for my new book, on **"Obesity, Its Cause and Cure,"** which will be sent sealed in plain envelope. It will convince you. Mention this magazine when writing.

HENRY C. BRADFORD, M. D.
30 East 23d Street, NEW YORK

Habitual Constipation easily and entirely overcome by taking **COMMON SENSE PILLS**
The greatest cathartic on the market. Does not gripe! Acts promptly. Follow directions. By mail, 25c. in stamps. **PAUL F. BETZE,** 660 8th Ave., N. Y. City.

KIMSEY'S IMPROVED WAIST LENGTHENER

Produces most stylish "Dip Front" or "Straight Front" Figure.

The hall-mark of the smartly gowned woman. More "Kimsey's" sold last year than all others put together. All objections to the old style overcome in "Kimsey's Improved." Any desired length can be obtained instantly; any style waist worn, open back or front; any style belt. No alterations to waist or skirt. Postpaid for **25c.**—stamps or silver. Money back if not satisfied.

AGENTS find **Kimsey's Improved Waist Lengthener** and **Kimsey's "Beatyet" Skirt Supporter** very best sellers they can handle. Write for terms.

The Kimsey Mfg. Co. 39th & Market Sts. W. Phila., Pa.

IS YOUR HUSBAND, SON OR FATHER A

Drunkard

If so, send us your name and address with 4 cents to cover postage, packing, etc., we will send you a package of our "Secret Cure" in a plain package with full directions free, how to give it secretly in tea, coffee, food, etc. It is odorless and tasteless and will cure this dreadful habit, quietly and permanently without the patient's knowledge or consent. It is a positive and permanent "Secret Cure" for the Drink Habit, and will cost you nothing to try it. Good for both sexes.

MILO DRUG CO., Dept. 72 St. Louis, Mo.

Cancer

Cancer or Tumor (internal or external).

Cured With Soothing Balmy Oils.

Home treatment sent in most cases. Write for Book.

DR. B. F. BYE. Box 246, Indianapolis, Ind.
(The Original Cancer Specialist.)

Makes Women Beautiful

Marvelous development accomplished by the new and wonderful "Vestro" method of enlarging the Female Bust.

Flat-chested and unattractive women are quickly developed into commanding figures that excite wonderment and admiration.

A new and surprisingly effective home treatment has been discovered that enlarges the female bust at least six inches. Women who are not lacking in this respect will not be particularly interested, but those who by some unfortunate circumstance of health or occupation are deficient in this development will be very much fascinated by the peculiar prominence achieved by the treatment. It is called "Vestro" and is controlled by the well known Aurum Medicine Co.

There is no doubt about the marvelous power of this new treatment to develop the bust to a gratifying extent. Any lady who wishes to know more about Vestro should send her name and address to the Aurum Medicine Co. They will send free, in plain sealed envelope by mail, a new "beauty book" they have just prepared, also photographs from life showing the actual development induced and a great number of testimonials from physicians, chemists and prominent ladies all commending the wonderful and remarkable power of Vestro to enlarge the bust no matter how flat the chest may be. Do not fail to write at once. The beauty book and portraits will delight you. All you need do is to send name and address and a two-cent stamp to pay postage. Address

AURUM MEDICINE CO., Dept. D. A., 55 State St., Chicago.

Drunkards

Quickly Cured at Home—Any Lady Can Do it—Costs Nothing to Try.

A new tasteless discovery which can be given in tea, coffee or food. Heartily endorsed by W. C. T. U. and all temperance workers. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 3441 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, O., and he will mail a trial package of Golden Specific free to show how easily it is to cure drunkards with this remedy.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS

Why Work for Others?

MANY MAKE 2,000.00 A YEAR.

You have the same chance. Start a Mail-Order Business at your home, in any town or village. We tell you how. No license required. Big Mail, Orders, Money coming in daily. Large profits. Everything furnished. Our long experience is at your service. If you want to begin, write at once for our "Starter" and FREE particulars.

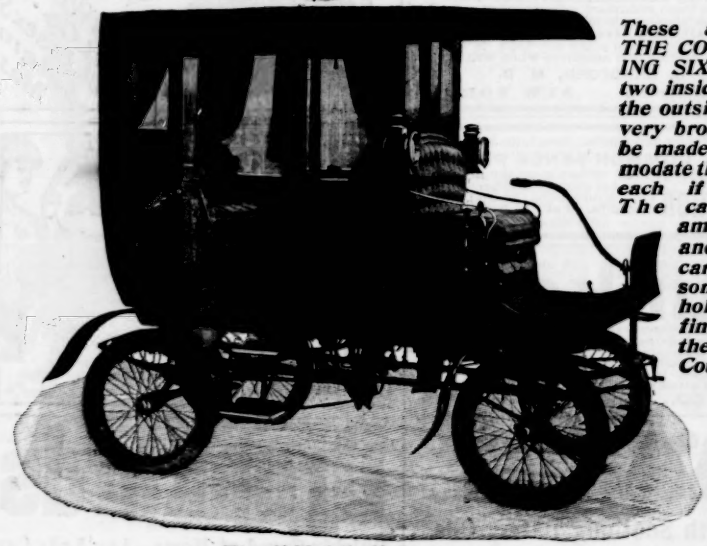
B. C. KRUEGER CO. 155 Washington St. Chicago, Ill.

Of the Twenty-four Styles of Carriages

now being turned out by

The "Mobile" Company of America

there are four which are especially valuable to gentlemen occupying country seats



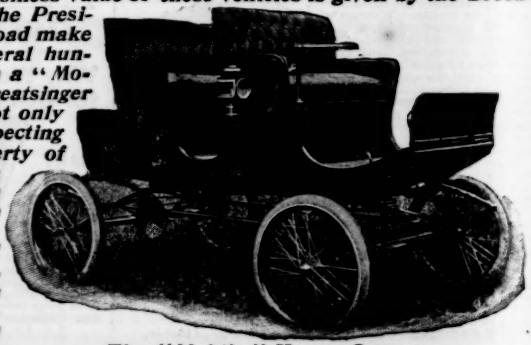
The "Mobile" Coupe.

These are: First. THE COUPE SEATING SIX. Both the two inside seats and the outside seat are very broad, and can be made to accommodate three persons each if necessary. The carriage has ample strength and power to carry nine persons. The upholstering and finish are of the best. The Coupe could be made to cover, if required, long distances over country roads at a high rate of speed.

Second. THE "MOBILE" HEAVY SURREY, carrying, when required, six persons on its two broad seats. The efficiency of this "Mobile" is shown by its increasing use in business affairs. Mr. Douglas Robinson has had one of these wagons in daily use in New York City for the inspection of the several large estates under his care. Colonel John Jacob Astor placed an order early in February, 1902, for a duplicate. Mr. Harmon, of Wood, Harmon & Co., of Brooklyn, after using one of these surreys during the greater part of 1901 in carrying parties to view real estate, placed his order in February, 1902, for a second vehicle.

An illustration of the business value of these vehicles is given by the Brooklyn Rapid Transit system, the President and officials of which road make their inspections of the several hundred miles of the system in a "Mobile" Surrey. President Greatsinger says that it enables him not only to save valuable time in inspecting the widely scattered property of the road, but gives him a view of the roadbed which cannot be obtained from the cars themselves.

Third. "MOBILE" COUNTRY HOUSE WAGONETTE for eight or ten persons; graceful, strong, and quick moving, it is the ideal vehicle for country life.



The "Mobile" Heavy Surrey.

One of these wagons was driven five hundred miles from New York to Buffalo in four days, and another, under orders of the Secretary of War, took through a party of eight officers of the Army and of the Company from New York to Washington — two hundred and forty-nine and a half miles — in three days.

Fourth. THE "MOBILE" TOURING CARRIAGE carrying fuel for from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and twenty-five miles and capable of sustaining twenty-five miles per hour on fair roads. Strong, stylish, elegant in finish, comfortable in upholstering, smooth running, it is unequalled, except for very high speeds, by any touring carriage now built.

"Mobile" Wagonette.

The "Mobile" Company of America enters the season of 1902 with every problem of the perfect automatic carriage thoroughly solved, the advances within the year being of the most marked character, and including—

First. Automatic regulation of water without thought on the part of the driver, perfected by over thirty thousand miles of tests without a single failure to work.

Second. Automatic air-pump operated if necessary from the seat at the will of the driver.

Third. Burner of entirely new construction, overcoming the original defects and giving increased power.

Fourth. Automatic feed of oil to lubricate cylinders, relieving the driver of the special care formerly required on this score.

Fifth. Feed-water heater, saving fuel.

Sixth. Superheating steam, saving fuel and giving increased efficiency.

This company is now manufacturing twenty-four styles of "Mobile" from the three thousand dollar Coupe to its seven hundred and fifty dollar Runabouts; and its Delivery Wagons capable of carrying from three hundred to six thousand pounds — a larger number of tested carriages and wagons than all other companies of the United States and France combined.

"Mobile" Touring Carriage.

Nothing but actual experience covering tens of thousands of miles can enable a manufacturer to turn out an automobile ideal in strength and durability. The "Mobile" Company offers as its best testimonials the duplicate orders received from those who have had its wagons in long and constant use.

The "Mobile" Company of America

Philipse Manor, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

HYPNOTISM

CONTROLS HUMAN DESTINY.

It is the science of fate. It has set the whole world thinking. You can master it at your own home and exert a strange and powerful influence over whomsoever you will, without their knowledge. If you want to experience the weird fascination of being able to control the mind of any human being, send for a copy of our free book, "The Philosophy of Personal Influence." It fully reveals the hidden mysteries of hypnotism, personal magnetism, magnetic healing, etc. It tells you how you can quickly master these sciences in a few days at your own home and use this mighty power on your friends and associates without their knowledge. It contains the secret private methods of the king of hypnotists, Dr. X. La Motte Sage,—methods which enable any one to hypnotize quick as a flash. In this book Dr. Sage tells you plainly how to use hypnotism to accomplish any purpose you have in mind; he tells you how to use it in your present calling; he tells you how to hypnotize people by merely looking at them. No one can resist you. He tells you how to use this power in your business successfully,—how to win the friendship of those you admire. The book has created a tremendous sensation. It contains the most startling disclosures of the real secrets of hypnotism and personal magnetism ever made. This wonderful book has proved the turning point in the lives of hundreds of persons who were ready to give up in despair. Thousands owe their health, happiness and financial success to its teachings. Through it Dr. Sage is giving the public the benefit of what he learned about this mysterious, mighty power during years of ceaseless toil.

LEARN AT HOME FREE

If you want a copy of this remarkable book, write for it now. IT IS ABSOLUTELY FREE.

New York Institute of Science, Dept. J 9., Rochester, N. Y.

HYPNOTISM 250

Taught to anybody by a new simple and easy method, full course, only $2.50. Write for particulars to
SCHOOL OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH,
P. O. Box 4023 West Philadelphia, Pa.

20th Century Telepathy

Write me questions, or anything you wish and from your writing I will catch the Etheric Sparks that vibrate from you to my Psychic Understanding and give you a Telepathic Reading. By mail 50c. Address
"Endolia," 776 Geary St., San Francisco.

TELL FORTUNES

with WIZARD CARDS. Future truthfully revealed. To convince you we will send cards Free for stamp. C. Velaro, 208 W. 42d St., New York

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE

From cradle to grave—past, present and future correctly treated and success assured in love and business. Mysteries revealed. My horoscopes are wonderful diviners; send date of birth and stamp, and I will send you, entirely free, a horoscope of your life, or if you send 10c I will also send a description of the person you should love, and sample copy of my wonderful magazine. They call me the wonder of the twentieth century, because of my true predictions. Only thirty years old, I have made over $100,000. I may make you equally successful if you heed my advice.
PROF. R. A. ASTRO, Box 3693, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FAT

How to reduce it
Mr. Hugo Horn, 344 E. 65th St., New York City, writes: "It reduced my weight 40 lbs. three years ago, and I have not gained an ounce since." Purely vegetable, and harmless as water. Any one can make it at home at little expense. No starving. No sickness. We will mail a box of it and full particulars in a plain sealed package for 4 cents for postage, etc.
Hall Chemical Co., Dept. K. A. St. Louis, Mo.

How to Quit Tobacco.

A new discovery, odorless and tasteless, that Ladies can give in coffee or any kind of food, quickly curing the patient without his knowledge. Anyone can have a free trial package by addressing Rogers Drug and Chemical Co., 3441 Fifth and Race Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio.

OPIUM MORPHINE

HABIT CURED. Established since 1875. 30,000 cases cured. The Treatment can be taken at home without inconvenience or detention from business. Address The Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. 89 Lebanon, O

MYSELF CURED

I will gladly inform anyone addicted to COCAINE, MORPHINE, OPIUM OR LAUDANUM, of a never-failing harmless Home Cure. Address
MRS. M. I. BALDWIN, P. O. Box 1212, Chicago, Ill.

MORPHINE

PAINLESS AND PERMANENT
A Trial Treatment Free. HOME CURE
Sent to anyone addicted to the use of Morphine, Opium or other drug habit. Contains Vital Principle heretofore unknown and lacking in all others. We restore the nervous and physical systems and thus remove the cause. Confidential correspondence invited from all.
ST. PAUL ASSOCIATION, 46 B Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill

R·I·P·A·N·S

For two years I had been complaining and at times I felt so miserable I could not work. I could not get rid of the nasty sick feeling at my stomach. It was indigestion. I would feel so sick at my stomach in the mornings that I was compelled to return to bed instead of attending to my work. My face became sallow-looking, and I was getting real thin. I saw Ripans advertised and tried them about one year ago, one after each meal. Soon I noticed that full feeling in the stomach began to disappear, then I was encouraged and had great faith in Ripans Tabules. At the end of three months I saw a great change.

At druggists.

The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

Free Trial

DEATH TO HAIR—ROOT AND BRANCH

New Discovery by the MISSES BELL.

A Trial Treatment FREE to Any One Afflicted with Hair on Face, Neck or Arms.

We have at last made the discovery which has bafiled chemists and all others for centuries—that of absolutely destroying superfluous hair, root and branch, entirely and permanently, whether it be a mustache or growth on the neck, cheeks or arms, and that, too, without impairing in any way the finest or most sensitive skin.

The Misses Bell have thoroughly tested its efficacy and are desirous that the full merits of their treatment, to which they have given the descriptive name of **"KILL-ALL-HAIR,"** shall be known to all afflicted. To this end a trial will be sent, free of charges, to any lady who will write for it, and say she saw the offer in this paper. Without a cent of cost you can see for yourselves what the discovery is; the evidence of your own senses will then convince you that the treatment, **"KILL-ALL-HAIR,"** will rid you of one of the greatest drawbacks to perfect loveliness, the growth of superfluous hair on the face or neck of women.

Please understand that a personal demonstration of our treatment costs you nothing. A trial will be sent you free, which you can use yourself and prove our claims by sending two two-cent stamps for mailing.

THE MISSES BELL
78 and 80 Fifth Avenue, New York

Why Be Fat

When There is a New Home Treatment That Quickly Reduces Weight to Normal Without Diet or Medicine and is Absolutely Safe.

A TRIAL PACKAGE FREE BY MAIL.

Don't be too fat; don't puff and blow; don't endanger your life with a lot of excess fat; and furthermore, don't ruin your stomach with a lot

of useless drugs and patent medicines. Send your name and address to Prof. F. J. Kellogg, 691 W. Main St., Battle Creek, Mich., and he will send you free a trial package of his remarkable treatment that will reduce your weight to normal. Do not be afraid of evil consequences, the treatment is perfectly safe, is natural and scientific and gives such a degree of comfort as to astonish those who have panted and perspired under the weight of excess fat. It takes off the big stomach, gives the heart freedom, enables the lungs to expand naturally and you will feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful home treatment.

Send your name and address for a free trial package sent securely sealed in a plain wrapper, with full directions how to use it, books and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured.

Send for the free trial package to-day. It will brighten the rest of your life.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake into your Shoes.

"Oh, What Rest and Comfort!"

Allen's Foot-Ease, **a powder for the feet.** It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. **It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age.** Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TO-DAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. **Do not accept an imitation.** Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS, the best medicine for Feverish, Sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Trial Package **FREE.** Address, **ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.**

(Mention this paper.)

Music Lovers, Attention

JUST OUT

Three new and beautiful vocal compositions (copyrighted), 75,000 sold last month. Entitled **The Tribute,** to our late President McKinley; the words and music will appeal to every patriotic American. **'The Love that I Lost,** duet. **O Memory,** waltz song and chorus. Single copy 20c., 3 copies 50c. cash. Address, Conrad & Fisher, Central City, Colo., authors, publishers and sole distributors of high grade music at popular prices.

SONG WRITERS & MUSICIANS

A successful piece will bring you a fortune. We produce meritorious songs and instrumental music on most favorable terms. If you are not a musician we will compose music to your words.

GROOM MUSIC CO., CHICAGO.

ANY LADY *Can Easily Make* $18 TO $25

weekly by representing us in her locality and as the position is pleasant and profitable the year round we will gladly send particulars **free to all.** Even your spare time is **valuable.** This is no deception, and if you **really** want to make money address **WOMAN'S MUTUAL BENEFIT CO., Box 36, JOLIET, ILL.**

Cod Liver Oil TABLETS 50c. $1.00

"A Hot Weather Medicine."

DR. KASSON CHEMICAL CO., 156 W. 15th St., New York.

We mail (free) full details of noble Remedy that for twenty years has made wonderful cures after all else failed, by re-establishing the CIRCULATION of Blood to par by outward application. We appeal to those weary of stomach-drugging and threats of cruel operations.

221 Mt. Morris Bank Building

Mr. and Mrs. GEO. A. CORWIN, New York City.

Blindness

Prevented and Cured

By the **Great "Actina,"** an Electrical Pocket Battery which removes Cataracts, Pterygiums, etc. Cures Granulated Lids. **Restores Vision.** Positive proof of cures given. **No Cutting or Drugging.** Eighteen years' success. Write for our 80-page Dictionary of Diseases, *Free.* Address.

NEW YORK & LONDON ELECTRIC ASS'N Dept. 44 Arlington Building, Kansas City, Mo.

ANTIQUES.

Old Colonial Furniture — (Mahogany) — Sofas, Mirrors, Tables of all sorts. Chippendale and other Sideboards, China Closets, High Post Bedsteads, Dressers, Wardrobes, etc.. all old, but in perfect condition.

Fine old China, Lowestoft, Bristol, etc., in great variety. Rare old Historical Plates, Pitchers, etc.

Old Russian Samovars, Trays, and many other unique things in Brass.

Large and small Copper Kettles, Jardinieres, etc.

Pewter Platters, Plates and Tankards. Paul Revere and Ship Lanterns. Candlesticks in Pewter, Brass, Glass and Sheffield Plate.

Old Colonial Clocks and a thousand other things of interest to lovers of Antiques. Catalogue and Price List on request.

At the sign of

The Copper Kettle.
Mrs. Ada M. Roberts,
2455 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

A PROFITABLE CAREER

can be started by every bright, hustling business man or boy. No business or profession offers greater opportunities. From the start pays big profits and a permanent income assured by selling our Identification Outfits, Key Tag and Pocket Book with Special $1000.00 Accident and Health Insurance Policy. Complete outfit sells for $1. Liberal commissions paid our special district representatives. $250 000 deposited with Missouri Insurance Dept. to guarantee our Policy Holders. We are now appointing special representatives; write at once before all territory is assigned.

Commercial Registry Co., 701 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.

"The Sphinx of the Twentieth Century."

ASIA AND THE CHINESE EMPIRE.

Comparatively few people are familiar with the Chinese Empire as it exists to-day. In view of the constantly growing Oriental commerce of the United States, everyone should become familiar with the Chinese Empire. The

NEW YORK CENTRAL'S

"Four-Track Series" No. 28 gives valuable statistics and information regarding the Flowery Kingdom, and contains a new and accurate map in colors.

A copy of No. 28, "A New Map of Asia and the Chinese Empire" sent free, post-paid, on receipt of five cents in stamps by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

Kitchen Utensils
HAVING THIS
TRADE MARK

ARE SAFE.

NO POISON
Has Ever Been Found in the Enamel of
Agate Nickel-Steel Ware

The BLUE LABEL
Protected by Decision of United States Court, pasted on every piece,
PROVES IT
If substitutes are offered write us. New Booklet Free. Agate Nickel-Steel Ware is sold by the leading Department and Housefurnishing Stores.

Lalance & Grosjean Mfg. Co.
New York, Boston, Chicago

A Dollars worth of Tricks and Make-Ups, sent by mail for 25 cents, stamps or silver. A nice Moustache or Full Beard, Rube, Galaways, Irish or Side Whiskers, any color, a Bottle of Spirit Gum to stick them on, Box of Prepared Burnt Cork to blacken up, 1m. Rubber Mouth big teeth Secret and Apparatus for performing the Great Vanishing Half-Dollar Trick, Cure for Love a novelty sure to please, Mention the paper you saw this Ad in and I will put in a heavy GOLD laid finger RING Free, and my large ill's cat'g of Plays, Wigs, Tricks and agents latest Novelties. Chas. Marshall, Mfr. Lockport, N. Y.

The Buffalo Photo Exchange
For Single People Only

Send your Photo or Tintype, give age, and 25c. and in return we will send you a photo of your future husband or wife. It is a subject you are all curious about, so send immediately.

Our success has been remarkable, as thousands will testify.

401 Mutual Life Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Corns Cured Free

ALLEN'S ANTISEPTIC CORN PLASTER *cures corns.* To prove it I will mail *free plaster* to any one. Send name and address —no money.

GEO. M. DORRANCE, 221 Fulton St., Dept. I, New York

JUST WHAT YOU WANT!

Oom Paul's "Sure Relief" Foot Powder.

Affords comfort and instant relief for tired, aching and swollen feet. Makes tight fitting shoes feel easy.

Positive Cure for Sweating Feet.

Strictly antiseptic, absorbing all bad odors due to excessive perspiration. Sent by mail for 25cts. in stamps. Ask your druggist or shoe dealer for it. Try powder at once. — Shake it into your shoes — it gives

"Sure Relief."

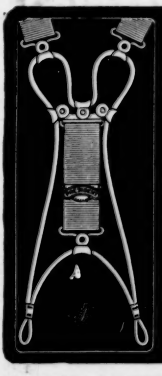
PAUL F. METZE, 660 8th Ave. N. Y. City.

NONE BETTER

A Physical Culture Home of Health

Among the pines on the shore of Lake Ronkonkoma, L. I., is ready to receive persons suffering from acute or chronic ailments from which they have despaired of getting relief. Best sanitary location on Long Island. Commodious house and grounds, excellent fishing, boating, beautiful white, sandy beach, bathing and all outdoor sports. The climatic conditions are specially favorable to sufferers from Nervous, Catarrhal and Blood Diseases. Dieting, fasting, electricity, vapor-baths, physical culture, water treatment and all natural remedies. DR. V. ZOLNOWSKI.

For terms and particulars, address,
L. A. MONKETRICK, Owner and Manager.



BACK of the PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

is a name and a guarantee "all breaks made good." The metal parts can not rust. Special weights for hard workers. Small sizes for boys. Comfort for all. Sold everywhere 50 cents, or by mail, postpaid.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
Box 201A, Shirley, Mass.

ARE YOU SHORT?
Gilbert's Heel Cushions

"Worn inside the shoe,"

Increase Height, Arch the Instep, Make Better Fitting Shoes, Remove Jar in Walking. Indorsed by physicians. Simply placed in the heel, felt down. Don't require larger shoes. 1-2 in., 25c.; 3-4 in., 35c.; 1 in., 50c. per pair. At shoe and department stores.

READ. Send name, size shoe, height desired, and 2c. stamp for pair on 10 days' trial.

GILBERT MFG. CO., 14 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.

THE PRISMATIC TOP. Spins fifteen minutes. Colors paper discs while spinning, fascinating all by the beautiful shades and colors displayed. Outfit by mail 35 cents. **THE ENSIGN COMPANY, 2 Elinor Place, Yonkers, N. Y.**

For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

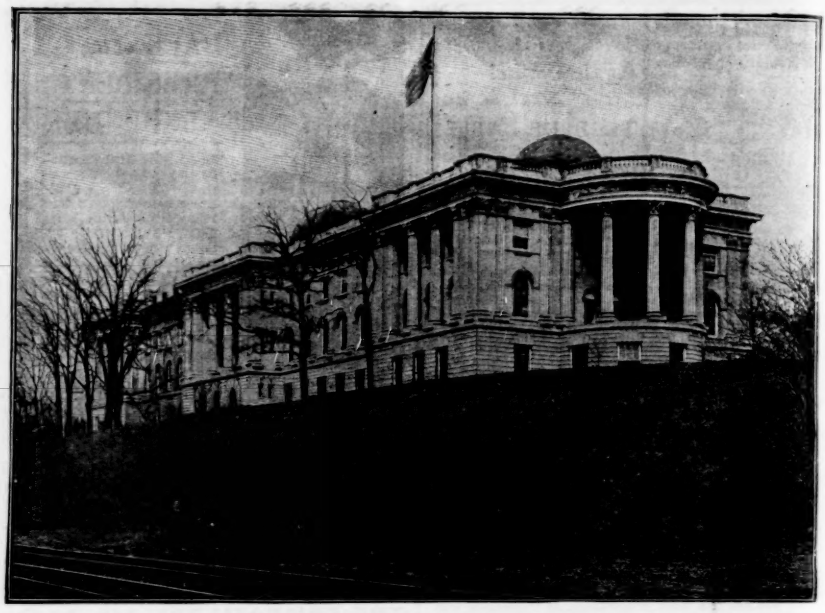
An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS, IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS. ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for ***Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup*** and take no other kind.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.



EVERY member of the home circle, from the young boy or girl to the grandparent, will find each month in THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE not only something elevating and instructive, but also the most delightful fiction, sketches of travel and interesting personalities concerning people worth hearing about.

The plans for this year far exceed anything hitherto attempted.

In addition to THE COSMOPOLITAN every household should have a periodical distinctively devoted to those things which are attractive to the young women of the family, and the especial interest of good housekeeping.

The publishers of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION were anxious to introduce their publication to the readers of THE COSMOPOLITAN, and arrangements were completed by which a year's subscription to both periodicals can be secured by forwarding **$1.25** instead of the regular price, $2.00, to

THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE,

IRVINGTON-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Just Published.—THE SOUP TUREEN

And other DUOLOGUES AND DIALOGUES

Translated by Members of THE BELLEVUE DRAMATIC CLUB of Newport

Price, 25 Cents.

CONTENTS

THE SOUP TUREEN. 1 male, 2 females.
THE UNLUCKY STAR. 2 males.
LELIA. 1 male, 1 female.
THE SERENADE. 2 females.
THE FLOWER OF TLEMCEN. 2 males, 3 females.
THE OLD HOMESTEAD. 2 males, 2 females.
THE CARDINAL'S ILLNESS. 6 males, 1 female.

BAKER'S HUMOROUS DIALOGUES

For school exhibitions or private theatricals. **By GEO. M. BAKER.**

CONTENTS

THE THIEF OF TIME. 6 male characters.
THE HYPOCHONDRIAC. 5 male characters.
A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR. 6 male characters.
THE RUNAWAYS. 4 male characters.
IGNORANCE IS BLISS. 3 male characters.
THE RIVAL POLITICIANS. 2 male characters.
COALS OF FIRE. 6 male characters.
SANTA CLAUS' FROLICS. Boys and girls.
A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE. 1 male, 1 female character.
THE RED CHIGNON. 6 female characters.
USING THE WEED. 7 female characters.
A LOVE OF A BONNET. 6 female characters.
A PRECIOUS PICKLE. 7 female characters.

Price, 30 Cents.

TEMPERANCE DRAMAS

A collection of dramas, comedies, and farces, comprising some of the most popular plays of this popular author. **By GEO. M. BAKER.**

CONTENTS

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG. 3 Acts. 5 males, 3 females.
SEEING THE ELEPHANT. 1 Act. 5 males, 2 females.
A LITTLE MORE CIDER. 1 Act. 5 males, 3 females.
A DROP TOO MUCH. 1 Act. 4 males, 2 females.
THE MAN WITH THE DEMIJOHN. 1 Act. 4 males.
THE TEMPTER. 1 Act. 3 males, 1 female.
WE'RE ALL TEETOTALLERS. 1 Act. 4 males, 2 females.
THE LAST LOAF. 2 Acts. 5 males, 3 females.

Price, 30 Cents.

Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by

BAKER, 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

The Marrow of Tradition

By CHARLES W. CHESNUTT

A vitally interesting story of contemporary Southern life.

"As a skilful writer Mr. Chesnutt stands among the best American novelists. His story develops naturally, and while his motive in seeking for greater justice for the negro is quite evident, still one feels that it is always subordinate to the story itself."—HOME JOURNAL.

"In his latest book, Mr. Chesnutt has presented his case with unflinching earnestness, skill, and dramatic power; with deft touches of humor; with fairness to white and black alike; with logical conclusions, and, withal, a conscientious and admirable honesty which must gain him, in addition to his well-merited fame as a writer, recognition as a leading advocate of justice to the negro."—THE LITERARY DIGEST.

Crown 8vo, $1.50

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY

BOSTON, MASS.

$8.95

EIGHT DOLLARS

AND NINETY-FIVE CENTS

Buys the celebrated, high grade, new 1902 Model EDGEMERE BICYCLE, 28-inch wheel, any height frame, high grade equipment, including high grade guaranteed pneumatic tires, adjustable handle bars, fine leather covered grips, padded saddle, fine ball bearing pedals, nickel trimmings, beautifully finished throughout, any color enamel. Strongest Guarantee.

$10.95 for the celebrated 1902 Kenwood Bicycle.
$12.75 for the celebrated 1902 Elgin King or Elgin Queen bicycle.
$15.75 for the highest grade 1902 bicycle made our three crown nickel joint, Napoleon or Josephine, complete with the very finest equipment, including Morgan & Wright highest grade pneumatic tires, a regular $50.00 bicycle.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL on any bicycle ordered. For the most wonderful bicycle offer ever heard of, write for our free 1902 Bicycle Catalogue.

Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.

OLD RELIABLE GUARANTEED

WRITE HOW TO GET ONE FREE

CATALOG FREE

OIL - - SMELTER - - MINES.

DOUGLAS, LACEY & CO

Bankers, Brokers, Fiscal Agents.

Members N. Y. Consolidated Stock Exchange, and Los Angeles, Cal. Stock Exchange.

66 BROADWAY & 17 NEW ST., NEW YORK.

Dividend-Paying Mining, Oil and Smelter Stocks, Listed and Unlisted, our Specialty.

Booklets giving our successful plan for realizing the large profits of legitimate mining, oil and smelter investments, subscription blanks, full particulars, etc. sent free to any interested on application.

BRANCHES—Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Prescott, Ariz.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Hartford, Conn.; Halifax, N. S.; St. John, N. B.; Montreal and Toronto, Can.

SHIPPED ON APPROVAL and Ten Days Free Trial to any person in U. S. or Canada. *Not a cent deposit* required on our Bicycles in advance.

1902 Models, $9 to $15

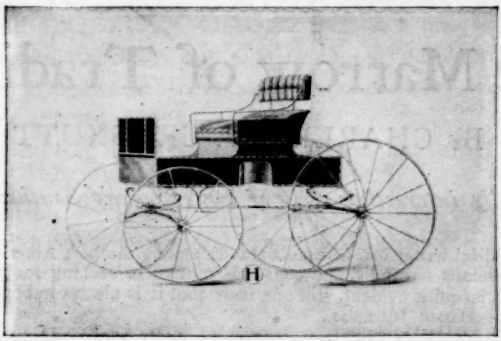
1900 & '01 Models, best makes, $7 to $11

500 Second-hand Wheels all makes and models, good as new, $3 to $8. Great *Factory Clearing Sale* at half factory cost. Tires, equipment & sundries, all kinds, half regular prices.

EARN A BICYCLE distributing 1000 catalogues on our new plan.

A RIDER AGENT in each town can make money fast on our wonderful 1902 proposition. *Write at once* for lowest *net prices* to agents and our special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. 129a CHICAGO, ILL.



273-2

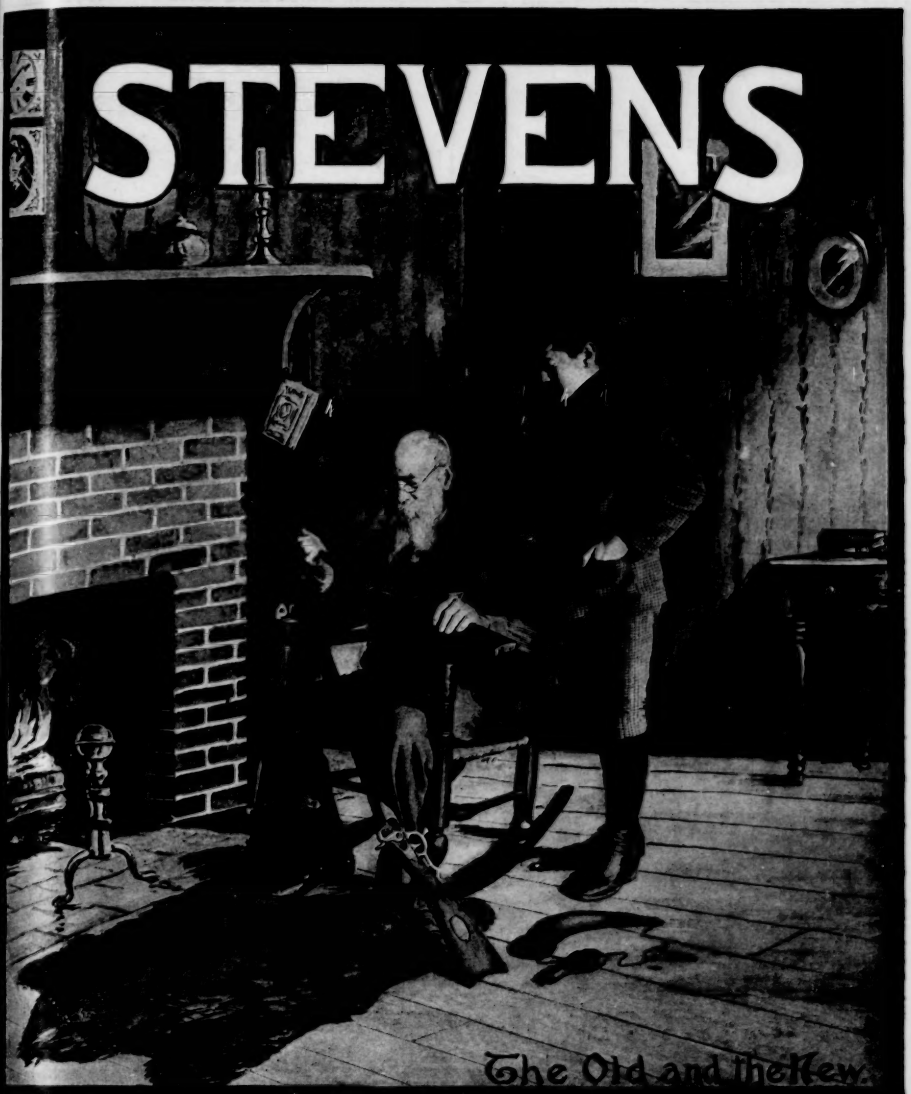
"UNIVERSITY RUNABOUT"

$200.00

The Greatest Value in New England.
Custom Made

We carry the largest assortment of Carriages and Wagons in the world. 2,700 in stock ready for delivery. Catalogue will be sent upon request.

HENDERSON BROS., NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



THE old flint-lock was looked upon as a great invention, and so it was, but just compare it with the modern **Arms** of to-day. Grandpa used to enjoy hunting, but how much more pleasure you can have than he? Summer is here, with all its outdoor sports, and none is more fascinating than Shooting. You are, probably, going away? Have you a Reliable **Firearm** to take along? We make **Rifles, Pistols, Shotguns.**

Ask your dealer for the "STEVENS"; don't accept something "*just as good*"; and if he will not furnish them, send order to us, and we will ship (express prepaid) upon receipt of price. Send for our RIFLE CONTEST Booklet. We are offering $1000.00 in 100 Cash Prizes for targets made with "STEVENS" rifles. For 10 cents in stamps, we will mail you 12 official targets if you will state caliber of your rifle. Our catalogue is an interesting one.

J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL COMPANY

No. 168 Main Street

CHICOPEE FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS.

Hawes $3 HATS

are unusually well made, combining durability with correctness of style. Why pay $5.00?

Agents in all principal cities.

Hawes Hat Company

New York
Broadway, Cor. 13th St.
Broadway, Cor. 30th St.
Broadway, Astor House

Boston
171 Tremont
Corner
Mason Street

Grape-Nuts

Ready Cooked Food.

A Great Convenience for HouseKeepers.

It is a known fact that many people fail to digest the starchy part of bread and other food. **Grape-Nuts** (a delightful breakfast food) is made of the grape sugar which results from preparing the starchy parts of the cereals, in the same way artificially as the body should do by natural processes. Therefore, **Grape-Nuts** furnish food all ready for immediate assimilation into blood and tissue. They are made by the Postum Co., at Battle Creek, Mich., and are ready prepared; require no cooking whatever and will be found most valuable by athlete, brain worker or invalid.

SOLD BY GROCERS.

Are you going to a Picnic?
Are you going Camping?
Are you going Fishing?
Are you going Yachting?
Are you going Hunting?
Or are you going to stay at home?
If so, remember that

Cream of Chocolate PURE

TRADE MARK.

is not only a luxury, but where once used becomes ***the indispensable.***

If hungry eat it
If thirsty drink it

It is a powdered combination of pure cream, loaf sugar and cocoa flour from selected cocoa beans. Needs only boiling water to make food or drink.

It is pure, wholesome and delicious; a child can use it right.

Prize recipe book free for the asking. ½-lb. can (trial size), 30c. stamps, 5-lb. can $1.97, P. O. order, Delivered, all charges paid, to any address in the United States or Canada.

L. A. ROBERTS & CO., 72 Main Street, Danvers, Mass.